

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 28, 1978

14 CENTS

DREAMS OF GLORY IN GREEN BAY

Bart Starr Takes Charge
of the Packers



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20 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

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glass, whitewalls, front disc brakes and more, included in the price. One thing's sure. The higher gas goes, the more your new Datsun saves.

Datsun Saves



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Cover photograph by Heinz Kluetscher

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There was more low comedy than high achievement in the crazy, mixed-up National League East. But suddenly there was a real race as well when the big bats of the front-running Pittsburgh Pirates fell silent and the Philadelphia Phillies, though booed by fans who are never silent, and the St. Louis Cardinals closed in.

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Next Week

OLD KING KONG would have had his paws full with Shotgunter Ben Oldfield, who's just crazy enough to have taken him on. Curry Kirkpatrick profiles the giant whose revolutionary style has made him the best in the world.

HARD-RIDING, HARD-LIVING Tony DeSantis rode a record 390 winners at the age of 16 and was dead at 39 in between he had lots of Caddys, lots of ladies, lots of J&S and lots of bad luck. Frank Deford remembers "The Kid."

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

MILES TO GO

After John Walker ran his remarkable 3:49.4 world-record mile last week (page 14) the theorists were out in force discussing the future of the event, with emphasis on "barriers" and "ultimates." Barriers are a sports-page myth, but obviously there has to be an ultimate—no one is ever going to run a mile in 10 seconds flat. The elusive limit lies somewhere between 10 seconds and Walker's time, but just where, no one yet has any idea.

The four-minute mile used to be considered the ultimate, and then 3:50; now it is said to be 3:40 or even 3:30. An English physiologist has determined it is 3:38, which he says can be reached if the runner in question is "theoretically perfect" in physique, natural speed, mental attitude and training. He also says, "The athlete possessing all these perfections has yet to be born."

Nonsense. The man who eventually runs 3:38 may not be alive as yet, but there are those running today who are capable of it. Walker ran the mile 10 seconds faster than Roger Bannister did 21 years ago, when he broke four minutes for the first time. Is Walker that superior to Bannister as a pure athlete? Or is he simply the current end product of effort, training, technique, equipment and psychological attitude?

A study of the evolution of the mile record over the past 10 decades indicates that 3:38 is not an ultimate but an inevitable, one that should be reached in 30 years or so. In the past century the mile record has dropped an average of 3½ seconds per decade. In the past 50 years it has dropped even faster. Walker's mile was 4.2 seconds better than Michel Jazy's 1965 world record of 3:53.6; Jazy's was 4.4 seconds faster than John Landy's 3:58, the record in 1955; Landy's was 3.4 seconds better than Gunder Hagg's 1945 time of 4:01.4; Hagg's was 5.4 better than Glenn Cunningham's 4:06.8, the record in 1935; and Cunningham's was 3.6 faster than Paavo Nurmi's 4:10.4, which cre-

ated a bigger stir when it was run in 1923 than Walker's 3:49.4 did last week.

Because this relentless downward movement has yet to show signs of slowing, of even approaching that asymptotic ultimate, there seems no reason why the record won't be down around 3:46 by 1985, to 3:42 or 3:43 by 1995, and below 3:38 early in the 21st century.

There may be one snag. Rumors persist that the IAAF, international ruling body for track and field, will soon refuse to sanction records at anything but metric distances, which would do away with the mile as a valid event. Of course, the IAAF might gain a little and accept new records at the increasingly popular distance of 1609.344 meters.

COURT RULING

At the Hang Ten Amateur Grass Court Championship tennis tournament this summer at the Casino in Newport, R.I., one of the ball boys—who happened to be the 16-year-old son of Robert Day, the tournament director—gave an interview to a reporter in which he complained that being a ball boy wasn't much fun, that they worked five hours a day and were being paid only \$5 a day. No sooner did the story appear than the Rhode Island State Employment Practices Division stepped in, ruled that unless the ball boys were 16 years old they could not legally be employed, and, further, said anyone who was employed had to be paid the state's minimum wage of \$2.05 an hour. Ten ball boys and girls were dropped, but the rest got a nice raise.

FOUR-LETTER WORDS

Poor Canada. Those Olympics she was so happy to get a few years ago have become a serpent in her bosom. Strikes, political unrest, the threat of financial disaster, and—can you imagine this?—dirty language. In French-speaking Montreal the Olympic organizing committee is called Comité Organisateur des Jeux Olympiques, COJO for short; its associate committee for TV, the Organisme

de radio-télévision des Olympiques, is called ORTO. Nothing much wrong with that, is there? Except that the two acronyms are causing embarrassment to Canadian diplomats in Argentina. Some time ago Ambassador Alfred P. Bissonnet wrote home to Ottawa to point out that in the *hufarado*, or local slang, of greater Buenos Aires and neighboring Uruguay, COJO and ORTO "have a meaning or connotation which makes it virtually impossible for my embassy to use them." Gingerly, the letter explained that *cojo* is an obscenity for sexual intercourse and *orto* an obscenity for the backside. When a Montreal newspaper appeared in the embassy with a headline saying CITY VOTES \$250 MILLION FOR COJO, locally hired members of the staff dissolved in muffled laughter.

Bet they wouldn't laugh if Avery Brundage were alive.

WELL TRAINED

Anna Cuttone, a 17-year-old senior at Waltham High School in Massachusetts, went to Biddeford, Maine with seven friends to try a bit of parachute jumping. They took a five-hour course in ground school, strapped on parachutes, took off in a plane and jumped.

Everything went fine, except that Anna



landed right next to a moving 93-car Boston & Maine freight train, which snagged her chute and began dragging her along. Luckily, her reserve chute opened, billowed full, lifted her into the air and deposited her gently on top of the 63rd car.

Three miles and several frantic phone

calls later, the freight train stopped and Anna, despite her airmail-special delivery handling, was returned uncanceled. But bruised and bleeding and unenthusiastic. "I don't think I'll be jumping again," she said.

NEW BOOM

For years, the doom peddlers kept saying that baseball was dying, that no one really cared about it anymore. Baseball kept right on booming along anyway (SI, Aug. 11). Now the sourbells are turning their attention to pro football, saying of it much of what they used to say about baseball: it is past its peak, it has become a dull game, people are losing interest, the decline has set in.

However, nobody bothered to tell this to Seattle, or else Seattle wasn't listening. The city on Puget Sound has a brand-new National Football League team called the Seahawks, which will begin play in 1976. Seating capacity at Seattle's new Kingdome Stadium is 65,000, and advance season-ticket sales already are approaching 50,000. Seahawk management says it will cut off sales at around \$7,000 to allow some tickets to be available on game days.

"It's phenomenal," says ticket director Gordon Green, who apparently does not realize that he is dealing with a dying sport. "It's the largest first-year ticket sale in the history of pro football."

IN MEMORY OF MAURICE

For years the annual Maurice Stokes Memorial Game was a rite of summer for NBA players: a showcase for the game's stars and touted rookies, a chance to relax in the haven of Kuster's Country Club in Monticello, N.Y. and a way to raise funds for needy ex-NBA players, college students and summer leagues. All of this was in memory of Stokes, the former Rochester and Cincinnati Royals star who, after being stricken with encephalitis, spent 12 years struggling to regain a semblance of health before he died in 1970 at the age of 37.

The show went on again this year. George McGinnis made his debut in NBA company with every bit of expected brilliance; 6'10" Darryl Dawkins demonstrated that the stride from Maynard Evans High School to the Philadelphia 76ers might be a baby step; and the Phoenix Suns' John Shumate, who sat out his rookie year with a lung ailment, looked healthier than ever. But there

were moments when the traditionally benign atmosphere was punctuated with bad humor and misplaced priorities.

First, Donald Schupak, part owner of the ABA Spirits of St. Louis, threatened a lawsuit to open up the game to ABA players. "Why?" shouted Red Auerbach. "This is our game. The money we raise is for ex-NBA players. Let the ABA take care of its own." That attitude by the older NBA people like Auerbach and Eddie Gottlieb ignored both the spirit of charity and the promotional value of Julius Erving, the ABA's ranking superstar, who wanted to come but was not invited. "To Red and Eddie, the ABA might as well be Russia," said Hank Lowenkron, one of the game's promoters.

Some players got into the giggling, too, reportedly charging that the game MVP award was fixed for McGinnis, the NBA's newest star, although officials denied it. All the bickering seemed silly in view of the game's purpose, which was underscored by the story of Ray Felix, one of the first 7-footers, who played nine years in the NBA and never made more than \$10,500 a season. The 44-year-old Felix, unemployed since February, injured his knee two weeks ago and turned to the Stokes Foundation for financial help. "This is what the game is about," says Haskell Cohen, one of the game's founders. "But with all the big money around now, lots of players don't care like they used to. Some of these kids hardly even know who Maurice was. And some say they'll come and don't show." And some who want to come are not allowed to. It doesn't quite figure.

LITTLE GARLIN'S

It is a source of wonder to some observers that there are millions of people who like country music. But then there are millions of people who like Big Macs and Frank Sinatra, so who's to argue? At any rate, country music has given rise to a nutty sort of in game among sportswriters and broadcasters, particularly people like Don Meredith, who continually dredge up from memory unforgettable gems from country-music songs. And, it must be admitted, if the tunes of country songs are deadly, the lyrics certainly are not. Some samples, from Meredith and friends.

"He broke my heart at Walgreens and I cried all the way to Sears."

"Don't come home a-drinkin', with lovin' on your mind."

"I had a good woman but she married Lawrence."

"I feel better all over more than anywhere else."

"Every time I say I'll quit, she knows that it's a myth, when it's five to two and the bottom of the fifth."

"Life is like a book, and let me tell you Janet I've read every page."

"My pride's not hard to swallow, once I chew it long enough."

"I got the all-overs for you all over me."

"If you want to keep the beer real cold, put it next to my ex-wife's heart."

Enough? O.K. You want to go back to playing trivia?

PARENTAL PRESSURE

Five years ago when Brent Imlach had visions of a career as a pro hockey player, his father, Punch Imlach, boss of the Buffalo Sabres, recommended that Brent take a legal course on contracts so that he would know how to negotiate salary terms with general managers, should the occasion ever arise.

Well, he did and it did, but not the way either Imlach anticipated. Brent, who holds a master's degree in business, became not a player but an agent, and last week he handled a contract for Gary McAdam, an amateur drafted by Buffalo. The general manager Brent dealt with was, of course, his father.

Although the Imlachs live at the same address, Punch said, "Negotiations were by mail, phone and business meetings." Brent said, "They were mostly that way, but there was some negotiation around the dinner table, too."

All parties—father, son and McAdam—expressed satisfaction with the multiyear contract, although Brent did say, "It's interesting to note that a certain request for tickets to a Buffalo-Philadelphia exhibition game was not filled until after McAdam signed."

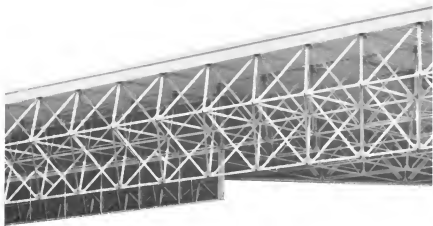
THEY SAID IT

• Arthur Ashe, on Jimmy Connors: "That kid would make a heck of a Davis Cup prospect."

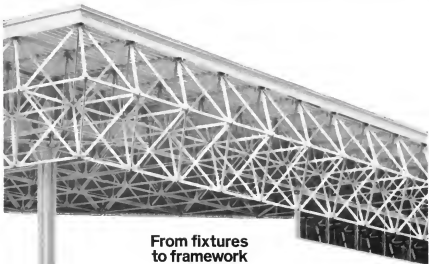
• Cal Stoll, University of Minnesota football coach: "We finally got Nebraska where we want them—off the schedule."

• Billy Kalmer, Washington Redskins quarterback: "Everybody says that I'm throwing better, but that's because they don't have Sonny Jurgensen to compare me with anymore."

END



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THE BUCS STOP HERE?

The National League East suddenly had itself a race when the bats of the front-running Pirates fell nearly silent, the Phillies closed in almost in spite of themselves and the Cards—on field and on the tower—held a hot hand

MONDAY, AUGUST 11

PIRATES—The sign on the chartered city bus taking the team to Atlanta Stadium is ironic. It offers "priority seating" for "the elderly and the handicapped," and recently the ailing Eastern Division leaders have appeared to be a little bit of both. They have lost 11 of 15 games and six of seven so far on this road trip, and their 5½-game lead of July 27 is now down to two over Philadelphia, 5½ over onrushing St. Louis. In the last two weeks they have averaged only three runs a game and their team batting average has plunged eight points. Despite a team meeting in St. Louis and extra batting practice in Houston, the Pirates, says Manager Danny Murtaugh, are in the worst slump he has ever seen.

But even without Willie Stargell, who flew home to Pittsburgh today with a fractured rib, the Pirates are an unlikely victim of hitting anemia. As they rip and snort in the batting cage before the game, lining frozen ropes to the outfield and "taters into the seats, their recovery appears imminent.

And sure enough, Pittsburgh wins 8-1. A five-hit, six-run ninth, the biggest Pirate inning in two months, ends their longest losing streak of the year as five games. Murtaugh lets out a deep sigh. "Maybe we're out of it." —LARRY KATZ.

PHILLIES—There are two terribly nervous people among the 42,079 in Veterans Stadium this steamy night. Byrum Saam, who has been broadcasting Philadelphia baseball for 38 years, announces before the game that this season will be his last. Saam is popular in Philly for being funny when he is trying not to be. Several

years ago he described what must have been a grisly episode: "Alex Johnson is going back. . . . He's going back, back. His head hits the wall. It bounces off. He reaches down, picks it up and throws it in to second base." Saam is 60 now. His solemn announcement over, he sits perspiring up there in the radio booth, nearly four decades of memories and malaprops rushing past.

Larry Christenson, who is only 21, is equally unsettled down on the pitcher's mound. He is facing the Dodgers on national television, and he is wild. He needs calming. He does not get it. His manager, Danny Ozark, orders him to walk Bill Russell, a .187 hitter, with one out and two on in the second to get to opposing Pitcher Andy Messersmith. His catcher, Bob Boone, calls for a futile pitchout on the first pitch, and Christenson, in his wildness, never catches up with the count. He walks Messersmith with the bases loaded. Then Duvey Lopes hits a line drive to center which Garry Maddox loses sight of. It falls for a two-run double. Maddox says later that he could not see the ball because Christenson on the mound blocked his view. The Phillies lose 7-1 and fall three games behind the Pirates. Christenson is miserable. Byrum Saam is cooled down now. For him it is just another game, about his 6,500th. —RON FIMRITE.

CARDINALS—After winning eight of 10 and the last four in a row, St. Louis loses to the Astros tonight 7-2 to fall 6½ games behind the Pirates and 3½ behind the Phillies. Nevertheless, the Cards have begun to show they can play inspired, if not brilliant, baseball after having been

in the lower half of the division for months. They have begun to glow like a winner. They have become lucky (a sure sign of abilities jelling) and they have remained relatively healthy, although they did play tonight without Willie Davis, who was absent for "personal" reasons. Davis, who had hit safely in 20 of his last 23 games, is a strange man. He wanders through the hotel lobby carrying his elaborate hi-fi system with its curling in his ear, while at the ball park he curls up on the trainer's table in a fetal position and then drapes a towel over his head as if all his waking moments are consumed by an attempt to blot out some psychic discomfort. —PAT KORDIAN.

TUESDAY

PIRATES—They lose 3-2 when two of their best hitters, Al Oliver and Dave Parker, leave runners stranded at second and third in the ninth inning. Oliver pops to first, Parker grounds to second and a fine pitching performance by Bruce Kison is wasted. In the dressing room the usually placid Murtaugh indicates his renewed displeasure by answering reporters' questions loud enough for the offending players to hear. "We can't get anybody to get a bleeping hit," he fumes. "The third and fourth bleeping hitters were up there and couldn't do it." Across the quiet room Parker gets the message. "Constructive criticism," he calls it.

To a man the imperturbable Pirates consider their decline a painful aberration which must be temporarily endured.

continued

Nice Guy Danny Ozark finished fast; Danny Murtaugh presided over glibness humorists. Red Schoendienst made up the most ground.



"People in Pittsburgh may think we're blowing it," says Third Baseman Richie Hebner, "but you're going to have losing streaks. All you can do is wait them out." Nor are they particularly bothered by the tightening division race. They may cast an occasional glance at the scoreboard to check the progress of Philadelphia and St. Louis, but they admit to no pennant pressure. Hebner says, "We've been through it before, and we know how to deal with it."—L.K.

PHILLIES—Poor Danny Ozark. Even when he does something right, it is wrong. Tonight, in the 10th inning, he makes what is called in baseball parlance a "percentage move." He orders the Dodgers' leading RBI man, Ron Cey, walked with a runner on second base and one out. He has bypassed a dangerous hitter and set up a possible double play. Furthermore, the next hitter, Steve Yeager, has never been able to do much more than hit loud fouls off reliever Gene Gar-

ber. Ozark is using his head this time, right? Wrong. Yeager hits a three-run homer and the Dodgers win 7-6. The Phillies miss another chance to close in on the plummeting Pirates, whom they are chasing, as Tom Cushman of *The Philadelphia Daily News* puts it, "like they are wearing banana peels on both feet." *The Evening Bulletin's* Jim Barniak is sympathetic toward Ozark. One of the reasons the sad-visaged, big-eared manager is so unpopular with the fans and the local press, Barniak writes, is that "he doesn't look so hot."—R.F.

CARDINALS—If Al Hrabosky, throwing only heat, cranked up any tighter, he'd bust a spring. He grunts a fastball to the plate. Doug Rader, the Astros' muscular third baseman, uncoils with such force one fears that if he misses, he will corkscrew himself into the ground. It is the bottom of the eighth, runners on first and second, two out, a 3-and-2 count and the Cards leading 5-1. They have built their lead on the hitting of Catcher Ted Simmons. In the past two months Simmons has raised his average from the .260s to .345 and a tie for the league lead with the Cubs' Bill Madlock. Simmons, who has silky shoulder-length hair and the dreamy fluttery-lidded eyes of a sensitive hippie, went 4-for-4 yesterday, singled his first time up today and hit a two-run homer in the sixth. Rader sends Hrabosky's 3-and-2 fastball over the left-centerfield wall to bring the Astros within one run. Undaunted, Hrabosky retires the next batter, and in the ninth he fans the side on fastballs. The Cards' win, coupled with the Pirates' and Phillies' losses tonight, puts them back to within 5½ games of the top.—P.J.

WEDNESDAY

PIRATES—The agonies of a pennant fight seem remote when your closest pursuer is losing four straight games and you are playing before disinterested crowds of 4,450. Besides, Pittsburgh may be the looniest team in baseball. One just never knows whom Hebner's rubber snake will terrorize next or when Pitcher Dock Ellis will start aping it.

Of course the Pirates care that they lost the last game of the Atlanta series tonight 4-3. One player points out that the seventh-inning double that put Ralph Garr in position to score the tying run occurred because Hebner was not protecting the line at third. "There's no excuse



... but Dave Parker's timing was way off.

for mental mistakes," he says. "We make a lot, but lately we haven't been hitting well enough to overcome them."

The Pirates are all but reveling in their ineptitude. As they fly from Atlanta to Cincinnati, Pitcher Jerry Reuss suggests that victory symbols like the Green Weanie and the Babushka are no longer appropriate. In the future, he says, all Pittsburgh fans must carry clothespins befitting a new slogan: "We Stink."

The jaunty Pirates hum *Taps* on their one a.m. bus ride from the airport to the hotel in Cincinnati.—L.K.

PHILLIES—The rain falls for two hours and 20 minutes on 34,919 patient but angry fans. It only postpones the inevitable: another Phillies loss, their fourth in a row and the third straight to the Dodgers. The fans are here to boo, and the rain does not dampen their malevolent spirit. They boo Pitching Coach Ray Ruppelmeier as he gallantly helps the ground crew secure the tarpaulin against the storm. They boo Danny Ozark when he leaves the dugout. And they boo the once-revered Steve Carlton, the losing pitcher in this 3-4 debacle. Carlton in person and Ozark by implication are booed in the third inning when the manager permits the pitcher to bat for him-



Dick Ruthven got to the church on time...

self with two runners on base, nobody out and his team already behind 4-0. Carlton grounds into a double play that snuffs a rally. "It was a gamble," says Ozark wearily. "Steve's a fairly decent hitter." Steve was hitting .136. There are soggy banners hoisted in the grandstand which read **FIRE OZARK NOW**. The Phillies are still three games behind, treading on banana peels. —R.F.

CARDINALS—It is one of those seductive certain-victories-to-be (three quick runs in the second and then a stack of scoreless innings) which can lull a team to sleep, and which, if the team isn't careful, can become a sudden loss. Cardinal Pitcher Bob Forsch is working on a 3-1 five-hitter going into the ninth when Milt May, the Astros' catcher, singles and Doug Rader follows with his second home run in two days. Hrabosky comes on belatedly to retire the side. The Cards score a go-ahead run in the 11th, and then in the bottom of that inning 39-year-old Bob Gibson comes in. He has not pitched since Aug. 1, and then only in relief. He probably will never start another game for the Cards. He fans the first batter, and then the second takes three straight strikes and the third is called out looking. It is Gibson's second save of the year and his most important. Now the Cards are only 4½ games out. In the clubhouse the players file by to shake Gibson's hand. "Nice going, rookie," some of them say. —P.J.

THURSDAY

PIRATES—Pittsburgh is ready to break out. You can feel it. Second Baseman Rennie Stennett predicted it in Houston last week. "You know we're not going to play bad in Cincinnati," he said.

But come inside the visitors' dressing room at Riverfront Stadium and see for yourself. Catcher Manny Sanguillen shaved his head again today. He's ready. Parker is rubbing himself down with a religious medal. He's ready. Leftfielder Richie Zisk is shaking a Green Weenie all around Oliver. Both of them are ready. Whoa, now, look out—First Baseman Bob Robertson is racing around the room with a grocery cart filled with dirty laundry. He must be ready, too. How can Pitcher Ken Brett read with all this going on? And has anybody seen Hebner's snake? Is it ready?

What's this? Parker is threatening to put an ax blade in the back of Sanguil-



Bob Gibson nails his man, but his long, illustrious career was ending in bitter frustration.

len's "wrinkled head." The Black Adonis is always threatening somebody, but this looks serious because now the gap-toothed Panamanian is stalking Parker as if he has a knife tucked under his sweat shirt. Whew! Big joke. No knife and no ax, either. Everything's in fun. The madcap Pirates are psyching up.

Their minds sharp, their bodies poised for action, the Pirates get all of four hits and lose 6-1. "Well, there's one good thing about it," Reuss says, "We're a day closer to getting this slump over with." —L.K.

PHILLIES—A merciful day off. In repose the Phillies accomplish what they have been unable to do in action: they gain on the Pirates. By sitting still while the front-runners lose, they advance half a game. But they are not entirely inactive, attending, virtually en masse, the wedding of Pitcher Dick Ruthven to Sue Harper of Largo, Fla., at St. Rita's Church in South Philadelphia. Did the serene nuptials dispel the fears of his faltering legions, Ozark is asked. "Probably the only one it loosened up was Ruthven," says the manager, whose own uprightness verges on the terminal, what with fans and newspapers daily demanding his resignation or dismissal. Ozark, looking

more lachrymose than ever, announces cheerlessly that bridegroom Ruthven will start tomorrow against San Diego. "The last time I started a guy who was just married was in the minors," Ozark says. "A centerfielder named Dick Smith. He got hit on the head by a fly ball." —R.F.

CARDINALS—St. Louis chips away at an early Atlanta lead until, in the eighth, the Cards load the bases with none out. Ted Simmons works Ray Sadecki to a 2-0 count—and pops up. The next two batters fail to deliver, and the Cards are beaten 6-4.

In the clubhouse Simmons emerges from the shower room arguing softly with Coach Vern Benson. Simmons' teammates all like him—they call him Simba as in lion—but they consider him odd. "The biggest flake in baseball," says Gibson. There is his shoulder-length hair, his sustained silences, his habit of sleeping long hours in his room during the day and seldom joining them in their pursuits. Simmons, however, is sensitive in a way few ballplayers can fathom. He has caught 106 games so far this year, and he is an exhausted young man.

Now, he says to Benson, "So if I walk we lose 6-5, man. That's all. But you blew your cool. I mean, telling me I'm wor-

continued

rying only about an RBI." He goes on, "But that's cool. You find out about a man." And he walks away. Vern Benson says nothing. He was born 50 years ago in Granite Quarry, N.C., and has been in baseball all his life. He stares after Simmons and his shoulder-length hair. Benson sits down. He is a pleasant man and he would like to understand Ted Simmons.—P.J.

FRIDAY

PIRATES—Danny Murtaugh is up to his tobacco wad in problems. In the dressing room he announces that four new players will be in the lineup tonight. One of the benched starters is Oliver, a .294 lifetime batter with three hits in his last 44 appearances. "I know I'm not hitting," Oliver says, "but it bothers me that I'm overlooked when the team goes good and blamed when it goes bad. Maybe people will recognize now how important my hitting is."

Murtaugh does not believe the infusion of four players with a collective .227 average will help the Pirates, but he is confident the night off will be therapeutic for his regulars. After the evening's 8-3 loss to the Reds he even finds something to smile about. Noting two home runs and three doubles among the Pirates' sev-

en hits, Murtaugh confidently announces, "The worst is behind us."—L.K.

PHILLIES—O wondrous day. Ruthven is not hit on the head. Instead, his single drives in the winning run as the Phillies stave off the Padres 4-3. But the newlywed does not survive the fifth inning and does not receive credit for the game won by his fourth-inning hit. Tom Hilgendorf, a balding reliever who pitches 3½ scoreless innings, is the winner, although he, too, needs help from the old "Better Believer," Tug McGraw. The real heroes are the two brutish sluggers, Greg Luzinski and Mike Schmidt, who have the physiques of NFL running backs. Luzinski hits his 30th homer and Schmidt his 26th to account for three of the four runs. "Sure we were depressed by the loss streak," says Schmidt, "but it wasn't the end of the world." Asked about his manager's travails, the 225-pound Luzinski tersely replies, "I got paid to play the game, he gets paid to manage it." Ozark appears certain of managing it at least to the end of the season. "Danny Ozark is going to remain our manager, period," Team President Ruly Carpenter announces emphatically before the game, although conceding, "Danny Ozark is not a colorful person." Colorless Danny's win, coupled with yet another Pirate loss, moves the Phillies a game and a half from the top.—R.F.

CARDINALS—They get two beautifully pitched games from Ron Reed and Harry Rasmussen to take a pair from the Braves 4-1 and 2-1. And could it be? The Pirates lose again! The Cards are now three behind and looking more like a winner every day.

Reed, called Junior by his teammates, is a recent acquisition from these same Braves, and he has pitched well for the Cards (7-4). Rasmussen (2-2) is one of the many good young Cardinal pitchers who have virtually earned the club this past month. The others are Hrabosky (10-3), John Denny (7-3), Bob Fosse (11-8), Mike Garman (3-4), Hrabosky's bullpen partner, and John Curtis (8-9), who has yet to find himself. They are an excellent nucleus for the future, but can they carry the load this September?

A sad note, Willie Davis leaves the club again. More correctly, he takes to his hotel room and refuses to play. He has been placed on the Cards' disqualified list. His replacement is Hector Cruz, called up

from Tulsa where he had 29 home runs and 115 RBIs. "That's cool," says Davis, "but nobody replaces Willie Davis." He has quit baseball, he says, because he will not play just to give his ex-wife alimony.—P.J.

SATURDAY

PIRATES—Despite Murtaugh's belief, the worst is not behind them. They lose again to the Reds, 5-3, and Pitcher Dock Ellis accomplishes a rare double for any sport by being suspended twice in one day.

The first suspension of Ellis is a result of the pitcher's refusal to go to the bullpen in last night's game. Ellis had lost his place in the rotation because he had retired only one batter in his last two starts. Dock, however, did not exactly see it that way. "I should have been left in both times," he said. "They can't wait for me to mess up every time I go out to pitch."

The suspension is revoked 15 minutes later when Ellis calls Murtaugh to apologize. Tonight, Murtaugh assumes Ellis wants to apologize to the team when he requests a meeting before the game. Instead the pitcher begins a loud harangue directed mainly at the bewildered manager, who finally storms over to Ellis and offers to fight him. A coach intervenes and Murtaugh winds up separating coach and player. It may be the only serious exchange that has taken place in the dressing room all week.

Ellis changes to street clothes and spends the evening with friends in his hotel room. The second suspension is announced.

The Pirates are generally unsympathetic to Ellis. "This is a bad time for him to be thinking only of himself," says Ken Brett. Zisk adds, "If he had said those things about me, I'd have punched him."—L.K.

PHILLIES—"The Vet" is awash with nostalgia. The Whiz Kids, the Phillies' last pennant winners, are in town for a 25th anniversary celebration, and they are welcomed affectionately. The Vet is also just plain awash. It starts raining half an hour before the oldtimers' game, which pits the Kids, now portly gentlemen in their late 40s and early 50s, against an "all-star" team composed of such ancients as Eros Slaughter, Bobby Thomson and Ted Kluszewski. Larry Shenk, the Phillies' publicity director, looks up at the leaden skies with disapproval. "I



Pirate Dock Ellis after suspension No. 2

just wish I had some influence with The Man Upstairs," he says wistfully. Apparently he does, for the rain stops seconds before the interminable introductions. A crowd of 40,127 sees the Kids—Robin Roberts, Del Ennis, Richie Ashburn, Dick Sisler, et al.—win again, 5-1 in two innings. The same cannot be said for the young fellows who wish to supplant them as the town's new pennant winners. They lose 5-1, when the Padres score four runs in the ninth. They are seemingly bewitched by the sight of a Pittsburgh love on their multiple scoreboards. "We look up and see they've lost, and we're still playing," says the relieved but still frustrated Ozark. "Then we lose." Stalled again, the Phillies still trail by a game and a half—R.F.

CARDINALS—Bob Gibson relieves in the seventh tonight with the Cards leading 7-6. He pitches two fine scoreless innings, but then a hit, two walks and a sliced single that lands on the left-field chalk line send him, head bowed, into the clubhouse. He loses 8-7. What a difference a couple of days makes.

"It's degrading to see him go out this way," says a Gibson teammate. "He could have gone out like a tiger. When he was taken out of the rotation he said he still had good stuff when he had nothing. But still, no matter what, he's got the gift. He can lift you right out of your seat." P.J.

SUNDAY

PIRATES—It took a week of determined effort, of gopher balls, defensive misplays and stranded runners, but we now have a gut-clutching pennant race. A 3-1 loss to Cincinnati, the Pirates' sixth in a row and 11th in 12 games, allows Philadelphia to draw within half a game and St. Louis within two. "The toughest job I've had this week," says Pirate broadcaster Bob Prince, "is covering up our mistakes."

Before the four-game series began, Reds Manager Sparky Anderson had said the Pirates were the team he would least like to face in the playoffs. "Too much hitting," he said. To prove him wrong, Pittsburgh pounded out an average of two runs and six hits a game.

"But we're still out front," says Parker. "It's like being in a footrace. You just run straight ahead and never look back."

Pittsburgh will start hitting again, no

doubt of it, but the team could not have left Cincinnati at a better time. The Ohio Association of Cemetery Superintendents began a three-day meeting here today. L.K.

PHILIES—Danny Ozark is in a reflective humor this day. "Some games you inevitably win," he says. "Others you just lose. The rest you play close to the belly. We've been losing the belly games lately, but we'll come out of it. I don't believe nice guys finish last. I consider myself a nice guy, and we're not gonna finish last. It doesn't bother me what people say about me, but I don't like them using that word 'fired.' That's a drab word. It implies outstanding negligence. Managers aren't really fired. They just relinquish their positions when teams go bad."

Nice guy Ozark's position seems more secure after a rollicking 10-4 win over the Padres, highlighted by tremendous back-to-back home runs in the third inning by hot-hitting Jay Johnstone and the Bull, Luzinski. The Bull's homer clears the centerfield fence and the fountains behind, its momentum finally smothered by the black canvas backdrop that hangs funereally from the bleacher railing. "I feel good physically," the Bull says af-

terward, standing beneath huge horns nailed above his locker. Tom Underwood, who is 21 but looks 15, is the winning pitcher, though he departs for a pinch batter after giving up three runs in the seventh. "I got lary," he says, looking very adolescent. The win closes a clumsy 5-7 home stand which, nonetheless, leaves the Phils but half a game back and eager for more belly games. R.F.

CARDINALS—John Denny wins his second game of the week, 8-1. The 22-year-old rookie is 8-3 since being recalled from Tulsa in June. In a week of horrors for the teams above them, the Cards have dealt themselves into the race but good. Give Red Schoendienst credit for not overmanaging this team. He is a man of the laissez-faire school, not the dictatorial. He lets his players cultivate a plethora of facial and cranial hairstyles and imposes no curfew. Here in Atlanta, the Cardinals can be seen at all hours of the night.

But one wonders about Al Hrabosky. His "Mad Hungarian" routine has begun to wear thin. So far his pitching has suffered only fitfully, but September may tell a different story. For the time being, though, the Cards are ridin' easy. The week that was was theirs—P.J. **END**



The Cards' Ted Simmons, nimble around the plate and killing a job, was still an enigma

THE 3:49.4 SPECIAL

He had promised to go for the mile record, and New Zealand's John Walker delivered, smashing the old mark by 1.6 seconds **by KENNY MOORE**

As Roger Bannister had 21 years earlier, John Walker worried about the wind. He had talked the officials at the meet in Göteborg, Sweden into changing the distance of his race from 1,500 meters to a full mile, promising an attempt at the world record of 3:51.0 held by Filbert Bayi. "It was the one night I was going to do something," Walker said afterward. "Throughout this European tour I had been annoyed with myself. I'd won a lot and accomplished nothing. But then in the morning it began blowing quite hard. I watched the flags, the trees bending. It worried me."

Before the 8:45 p.m. race on Aug. 12, Walker spoke to Goran Säwemark, a Swedish 800-meter runner who was to be his pacemaker for the first two laps. Walker wanted the half-mile run in 1:55, and he wanted it done smoothly, without a nervous sprint over the first half-lap. Two weeks earlier, the 23-year-old Walker had run 1,500 meters in Oslo, blazing the first 200 in 25.4, the first 400 in 54 seconds, and had held on well to clock 3:32.4, only .2 from the world record (also Bayi's) for that distance, and according to track statisticians the equal of a 3:49.4 mile. Now, he reasoned, a more economical distribution of effort ought to yield a good mile. Since he had run a 3:52.2 in Stockholm in July, defeating Marty Liquori, and did not consider it much of an accomplishment, a good mile had to mean a record.

As Walker warmed up, the wind began to die, falling off to five meters per second. At 7 p.m. the temperature settled at 75°, pleasant for the 10,000 spectators but uncomfortable for Walker. "I felt hot," he said. "I was sweating when we went to the line." Starting from the second lane at the gun, Walker ducked in behind Säwemark, the two of them followed closely by Australians Ken Hall and Graham Crouch. Their positions were fixed before they had run 80 yards and they did not change for 800, saving Walker from expending extra energy on

tactics or jockeying for position. The quarter was passed in 55.9 by Säwemark, 56.3 by Walker, one second faster than he thought ideal.

Walker is a big man, 6'1" and 182 pounds, with the heavy thighs some people feel are characteristic of New Zealand runners, a meat-eating race. He makes noise when he runs, his feet audibly striking the track. But in the second lap the sound of the crowd began to gather and boom, drowning out footfalls or labored breathing. Walker seemed eager, moving up on Säwemark's shoulder. When the pacesetter, tiring as he approached the half-mile, swung to the outside to let Walker through, the New Zealander was forced to cut rather sharply to the inside to avoid being hung up in the Swede's spikes. The 880 time was 1:55.5, a 59.2 quarter.

Walker glanced back at his pursuers, then quickened the pace, running with noticeably greater effort, his high arm action more vigorous, his head beginning to bob. Hall stayed right with him, looking smoother than Walker. Crouch, in third, began to slip gradually away. With 500 meters to go, Walker again snapped a quick look back at Hall. They passed three-quarters in 2:53.5, a 58-second 440. On the first turn of the last lap Walker began to move away, not with a sudden burst but with a lifting drive, accelerating, it seemed, all the way down the backstretch and through the last curve. In the final 100 meters he may have slowed slightly, concentrating on controlling his form. As he neared the finish Walker was obviously very tired but running without undue strain. He beat Hall's 3:55.2 by more than 40 yards.

Once Walker was across the line, the spectators could see his legs grow heavy and uncontrollable as he swayed to a stop; one could imagine the tearing in his chest. But there it was: his time of

3:49.4, a world record by 1.6 seconds, a full 10 seconds faster than Roger Bannister had run when he went through the four-minute barrier in 1954.

Once the time had been made clear to him, Walker clutched his head with both hands, then hugged the nearest officials and athletes, among them Rod Dixon, Walker's countryman, the 1972 Olympic



Forty yards in front of Ken Hall, Walker breaks the tape and the world record in Göteborg

1,500-meter bronze medalist, who leaped and shouted and momentarily forgot about the 5,000, an event he was to win later that evening. Alternately dazed and exultant, Walker took a victory lap, and the crowd pressed down from the stands, people wanting to touch him, to make solid with a handshake or the grip of a shoulder the memory of what they had

witnessed. He was brought before a microphone to address the crowd. "This is the night I'll always remember," he said. "Thank you all."

Later, it must have been difficult for John Walker to sustain his thankfulness. Like Bannister before him, he found himself suddenly doomed by the brute statistic of his run to endure the sapping at-

tentions of the media. In the days following the record run he spent an average of 12 hours a day on the phone, finding the reporters an extension of an awed, perplexed public, eager to approve, maddeningly curious, but essentially failing in understanding. "Now the 3:50 barrier has been broken with this man Walker's shocking unexpected performance," proclaimed Howard Cosell on television. In fact, said Walker, the mile could have been run under 3:50 as much as two years ago. "I've probably been capable of it for that long, certainly since the Commonwealth Games in February of 1974 [where Bayi set the 1,500 record of 3:32.2 and Walker, improving his previous best by almost six seconds, also finished under Jim Ryun's old record with a 3:32.5], but I've been too frightened, concerned too much with winning, with conserving energy for a kick. Now with maturity and experience, I'm much more confident in the last half of my races. I'm freer to just run, without holding anything back."

Walker, who works as an advertising salesman for an Auckland radio station, is a patient, articulate man, but he has the distance runner's need for solitude, and he sought relief from the jangling phones with long runs through the forest near Stockholm. Still, in the way of most Kiwi runners, he values the camaraderie of his sport, the beers lifted together after the fury of competition. He enjoys particularly good relations with Bayi, and he was unsettled when he read Bayi's quoted response to the new record, issued out of China where Bayi is touring with a Tanzanian team. "I am neither surprised nor upset," Bayi was quoted as saying. "I have been expecting the record to fall at any time. World records are like shirts; anyone can have one if he works for it. I beat Walker in the mile in America this year and I do not see him as a threat to me at all. Walker had a poor finish and I am going to beat him on that when we meet again."

Walker reacted thoughtfully. "I know Bayi," he said. "We've had long talks, for hours on end sometimes. He is extremely intelligent, very shrewd and when speaking with the press he covers himself very well. So I can't imagine him saying what has been attributed to him. I guess that it has become garbled through translation. Perhaps since he's in China, that stridency has something to do with politics."

continued



If Walker departs at all from the traditional image of the perceptive Anglo-Saxon world-record-holding miler established by Bannister, Herb Elliott, Peter Snell and Jim Ryun, he does so most sharply in his graceful acceptance of losing races. Where Elliott never lost a mile or 1,500 in his adult career, and Snell only a very few, Walker is quick to admit his mortality. Dixon beat him five times in eight races last year, and Walker split a pair with Bayi. "I know everyone expects me to win, and that will be more true now," Walker said, "but I can only do my very best. Every runner in a race is competition, and I'm sure a lot more athletes could have beaten me if they'd used their brains. The main reason this record is so exciting is that it shows I can go out fast and maintain a good pace. Next time I won't permit Bayi to disappear after the start."

Although he has three races remaining on his European schedule, Walker is beginning to look toward. "It appears that all of New Zealand has gone bonkers," he says. "I hope I can slip quietly back and begin putting in solid training mileage." He lives with his mother and father, a cement and concrete contractor, in the Auckland suburb of Manurewa. The senior Walker was a noted New Zealand sportsman 25 years ago: a cyclist, rugby winger, cricketer, county badminton champion and barefoot half-miler. The last was not as painful as it might seem, since most New Zealand tracks were marked out over springy turf. Before breakfast in the Walker household, John and his father put in 16 or 17 miles between them, John doing 11. Walker's training mileage, counting speed work on the track in the evenings, comes to 110 per week. Until last year he held down a physically demanding job with the family business—heavy work which contributed to his upper-body strength.

Walker and Dixon are lamented in the more staid sporting circles because of their dedicated rostering. Bayi, for one, was not as much impressed by Walker's 3:58 and 3:56.9 indoor miles at opposite ends of North America on successive nights last winter as he was with Walker's not sleeping in between. "People see me drinking and ask what the hell I'm doing in a pub and why I'm not out training," Walker says. "They don't realize that relaxation is just as important to an athlete as the hard work."

And now, after the world record,

Walker feels no different about his ultimate goal, the Olympic gold medal. "Ever since I was a young boy I've wanted to represent New Zealand in an Olympics," he says. "That won't change. I can remember Peter Snell saying he wouldn't like to see me break the world record before the Olympics, that it might diminish my motivation. He was speaking from authentic experience, so I have to assume it could happen. But I hope not."

It won't happen, for no other reason than the challenge of Filbert Bayi. "We have a situation now with two men of contrasting styles and temperaments, both world-record holders, which hasn't occurred in top-class miling since the days of Bannister and Landy," says Snell. Bayi is the most stunning front-runner of all time, a man of prodigious gifts and mystery. Walker, the harder trainer (indeed, when Walker undertook to explain just how much he trained, Bayi goggled in disbelief), may be the faster finisher. He has run 800 meters in 1:44.9 to Bayi's 1:45.3, indicating slightly better raw speed, but in a match race the runners' abilities over the final 300 meters will be drastically affected by the early pace.

Walker's coach, Arch Jelley, a milder, less authoritarian soul than the celebrated Arthur Lydiard who coached Snell, believes 3:49.4 is far from Walker's limit. "In that, he ran the last two laps on his own. I'd say given good stern opposition he could have done better." But Jelley may have been misled by reports of the race. The presence of Hall on Walker's heels until the last 300 yards was seldom made clear, and seemed a significant competitive goal.

Snell, on the other hand, doesn't expect Walker to reduce his times until the Olympics. "I would guess that he would only improve in a head-on clash with Bayi," he says. "If that's a cracker, it will probably produce a time close to his capacity. If the race happens to be the Olympic final, the buildup will be tremendous."

Says Jim Ryun, "I had already picked Walker as the man to beat in Montreal, and I still think he is the favorite, but less so now. Everyone will kind of breathe with him for the next 10 months. I doubt that Bayi will face so much of that. I understand, though, Walker's rationale for doing the record now. I was the same way. When you're there and able—take it." Ryun also admitted a faint ruefulness over not experimenting

with the courageous early paces run by Bayi, and now, Walker. "I knew, I'm sure, that there was something to be gained in that direction, but I didn't have a Bayi to push me there."

Walker does know, however, and some of his resolve to arrive in Montreal in the best possible shape shows when he speaks of the women in his life—or not in his life. "I like girls, but it's impossible for me to have a steady. It would be unfair, considering the training I must do." Apart from the disruption of his love life, the rigors of Walker's training also have worn at his left knee. That he ran a world record on it is a source of some wonder to him, as well as a remarkable story.

"For two years I'd had chronic pain in the knee after hard training," he says. "It would get swollen and I wouldn't be able to straighten my leg. This May it was quite bad. One day in early June, a talk-show guest on the radio station where I work was an English clairvoyant named Mrs. Doris Collins. Her performance was extraordinary. People she had no way of knowing phoned in, and she told them all about themselves—that they'd had a murder in the family and that sort of thing."

"I was so fascinated listening to this that I had to have a look at her, so when the program was over I went into the studio. The host pointed to me and asked her, 'O.K. What do you know about this fellow?' She looked at me and said a number of private things that were perfectly accurate. Then she put her hand on my knee and said, 'What's the matter?' I told her it hurt a lot. She said she could fix it. As there was nothing to lose, I said to go ahead. She rubbed her hands down my spine and then worked on my hamstring and knee. I felt vibrations coming through her fingertips. It was uncanny, incredible. The pain and swelling went right away."

"The next Saturday I ran 15 times 400 meters. If the knee were going to go, it would have gone then. The next day I ran a 17-miler. No trouble. I wasn't any sort of believer before this experience and I'm still shy of it now. I'm not really interested in investigating the woman's powers. I'm better and that's all that interests me."

Maybe so, but such a revelation buttressed with 3:49.4 proof ensures that the world will be interested in the vibrations emitting next July from Montreal. **END**

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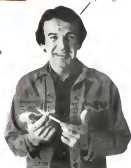
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'A FRESH START WITH BART'

Optimism permeates the summer air of Green Bay. Fans are sporting buttons and bumper stickers celebrating the return of Bart Starr, Mr. Nice Guy, and hoping for a renaissance of Lombardi's winning ways **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

A man in his early 50s, with tattoos on his biceps and a nose that had been punched out of shape long ago, walked into the sauna in Green Bay, Wis. wearing a bathing suit and looked around curiously, touching the walls and the benches and finally the stones to see if they were indeed hot. "This is the first motel I was ever in," he said. "My first vacation in 36 years. We got 11 kids, nine still home, some of 'em big full-grown kids that don't believe in work but only in stealing everything I got. So I says all right, I am going to take off a week and drive up here and see the Packer game. With Bart Starr as the coach for the first time, it's a historical event. And my wife says she has to stay home and take care of the kids. That means I got to travel with my sister, who tells me I smoke too much and do everything wrong. But what the hell, here I am in a motel sauna bath in Green Bay, and I'm gonna see the Packers in real life. In case you don't know it, football is what made this town. Who would ever have heard of Green Bay if it wasn't for the Packers?"

There are other attractions around Green Bay, of course. The town is a deep-water port, the countryside abounds in rivers and lakes, the people drink more beer on the average than those 100 miles to the south in Milwaukee. Green Bay is also the toilet paper producing capital of the world and is a meat-packing center—hence the Green Bay Packers, so called after the old Indian Packing Company, which back in 1919 put up \$500 for the team's first uniforms and provided a pasture for practice and games.

Paper mills and packing houses built Green Bay, but the football team put it on the map for millions of fans, like the man in the sauna, who may never have seen the Packers in real life but view them with almost religious awe. The new high priest of the Packers—41-year-old Bart Starr, quarterback of five world-cham-

pionship Green Bay teams—has again aroused those fans, who are dreaming big again, as they did nearly a decade ago when their link with divinity was Vince Lombardi.

Green and gold buttons and bumper stickers have sprung up reading THE PACK WILL STARR IN '75: THE PACKERS NEED A GUIDING STARR, A FRESH START WITH BART, and so on. After spending 16 years as a player of heroic stature in Green Bay, Starr has returned to the Packers as general manager and head coach, the announcement being made fittingly enough last Christmas Eve. Probably no first-time head coach has ever put more on the line. "Bart has everything to win, but he also has an awful lot to lose," says Gary Knafele, a former Packer end who roomed with Starr for five years and is now in the office-supply business in Green Bay. "I'm surprised he accepted the job. Bart has such a wonderful reputation here that people will expect incredible things of him immediately, and people hate to be disappointed."

No one is more aware of this than Starr himself. He did not want his picture to appear on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* this week, not because he is afraid misfortune would follow (twice before when Starr was on the cover as a player, the Packers won it all), but because his role as a savior of the Packers is a difficult one and so far he has coached only two exhibition games. It took Moses 40 years to straighten out his mess, but Starr has only a three-year contract.

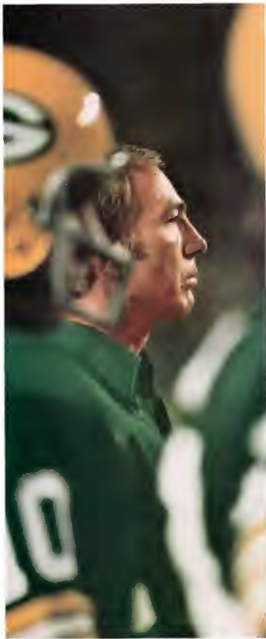
Starr is in the position of trying to persuade the fans not to expect too much too soon, while at the same time convincing the players they can do better than the 6-8-0 and 5-7-2 records of the past two years under Coach Dan Devine. Also, maybe even better than the 10-4 record of 1972, the one season Starr was an assistant coach (under Devine), and

the one when the Packers won their sole Central Division championship since 1967, when Lombardi left.

"People can't possibly know what to expect from me," Starr said one morning last week in his small, tidy office at Lambeau Field. It is not the big office built for Lombardi and later occupied by Phil Bengtson and Devine. Starr has had the offices rearranged and has moved himself and the other coaches farther down the hall. "I didn't put in an extended apprenticeship like Chuck Knox [of the Rams], and I wasn't even all that close to the Packers the last two years." During that time Starr did commentary on pro football for CBS-TV and mainly earned his living through speeches, product endorsements, his own distributing company in Green Bay and a partnership in auto franchises in Alabama. "The Packers have a long road back to the top," he said, "but on the other hand"—Starr grinned, the familiar dimple-chin, high-cheekbone grin seen so often when he accepted countless plaques and trophies—"I would be hurt if people hadn't responded with enthusiasm. I'm a positive thinker, I don't like negative thinkers, don't want to be around 'em."

Starr pointed to a quotation framed on his office wall, an excerpt from remarks made in a speech by Lombardi: "The quality of a man's life is in direct proportion to his commitment to excellence, regardless of his chosen field or endeavor." "That's what I believe," he said. "This job at Green Bay is like undertaking a personal quest for me. I owe a tremendous amount to the Packers. I want to hear them talked about with pride. I wouldn't be coaching professional football if it wasn't at Green Bay. I've been offered several head coaching jobs for more money than I'm getting here, and on teams that might have better players, but those teams aren't the Packers."

The framed quotation is but one of the



legacies of the late Lombardi around Lambeau Field. Lombardi Avenue runs in front of the place, and a life-size photograph of him is in the Packer Hall of Fame next door. But there are fewer mementos than one might expect of a man about whom movies have been made and books written, who is adored by multitudes for his fiercely spoken beliefs that you ought to trust in God, your family and football, in that order, if you want to be a winner, and anybody who doesn't care about winning had best get off the team at once and might as well quit the game entirely.

The reason there are relatively few is that the Packers are as rich in history as they are in money, the Green Bay Packers, Inc. being a nonprofit corporation owned by 1,728 stockholders who don't get dividends. The public stock sale was held in 1950 to rescue the Packers from financial ruin, but by then the team already had such legendary heroes as Curly Lambeau, Arnie Herber, Johnny Blood and Don Hutson. In 1959, in his first head coaching job, Lombardi took over a Green Bay team in another of its periodic declines, and, with the exception of the first season, the Packers beat nearly everybody until 1968, the year after Lombardi quit. After that, the years began to catch up with some of the most important players, like Starr, who lingered for a while.

Starr could hardly be less like Lombardi in personality, though he tends to think the same in many ways. Like Lombardi, Starr is a pretty good golfer, an 80s shooter, although Starr is perhaps a little better. But although both belonged to the Oneida Golf and Riding Club in Green Bay they seldom played together. A former Oneida caddie recalls, "Lombardi was always yelling and throwing clubs, and he played with noisy guys. He'd rather have played with Paul Hornung or Max McGee than with Starr, who was too quiet for him. Starr could play a whole round with a toothpick in his mouth. Another thing, too, Starr usually carried his own clubs, in a fairly bug bag, and the other guys rode in carts. I'm sure Starr did it just for the exercise. The caddie fee was \$3.50."

continued



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There is a film made by ex-Green Bay All-Pro Guard Jerry Kramer that stars *The Lombardi People*. Starr is not one of the featured performers, for no reason other than that Starr is his own person. "I think the title of Jerry's movie is perhaps a play on words," Starr said. "But it's indicative that there were a kind of people who were able to stay and perform for Lombardi. He demanded so much that those who stayed came to believe what he believed—that by attempting to do things the way he wanted them done, all this effort and dedication would transcend the locker room and stand them in good stead the rest of their lives."

"Many people from Lombardi teams have become successful in other fields. But that funny story Henry Jordan used to tell at banquets—that Lombardi treated us all equal, like dogs—was only true when Lombardi first came here and wanted to see who could stick it out and maybe become a notch better than they thought they were. If you stayed, you discovered what the man was really about. He began to treat us as individuals. We all had to work hard and keep the rules, but Lombardi knew some needed sugar and some needed salt. I learned a lot from him in that area, I hope. Actually, as a coach he was well suited to my personality as a player. I didn't need to be a whipping, tongue-lashing kind of quarterback, the coach took care of that, and we didn't need two like him. I would pull a player aside and chew him out if I thought it necessary. But I never did it in front of anybody else, because I believe a man's greatest asset is his dignity."

As a player Starr had the reputation of remaining orderly and cool regardless of the circumstances. "The pattern was that nobody said anything to him in the huddle unless Bart asked," says Knafele. "The worst thing Bart ever said to you in the huddle was 'Hush up.' Bart is consistent, that's his secret. He can be extremely tough, but he does it quietly. Instead of screaming, he gives you a go-to-hell look that says it all."

Six hours before Starr's first game as head coach of the Packers—he insists it was not his debut, since it was an exhibition, but maybe he ought to claim it anyhow—his wife Cherry was stacking groceries on shelves in the kitchen of their home in De Pere, a few miles south of Green Bay. It is a thickly carpeted, upper-middle-class house, a live-in muga-

zine ad. Zeke Bratkowski, who was Starr's backup quarterback and now is Green Bay's quarterback coach, lives in a split-level across the street. The other coaches had Zeke that he lives there so it is convenient for him to cut Starr's grass and shovel his snow, but in fact Bratkowski is one of Starr's closest friends, and their families take vacations in Hawaii together.

An ornamental fountain spurts behind the Starr house, and a Great Dane grumbles gently on the lawn. The youngest Starr, Bret, 11, blisters rubber on the driveway with his minibike. Bart Jr., tall and 17, aiming at a college golf scholarship, ambles through the house. Cherry keeps smiling as she recounts how she has given up jogging two miles a day, which she found boring, in favor of tennis. A tanned, well-coiffured woman, slim and pretty, Cherry was Starr's high school sweetheart. She says her husband demands that his trousers be hung in the closet in a certain manner and his shirts arranged in order. "Bart is very particular about things," she says. One evening while he was getting dressed Bart was complaining about having to go out until she reminded him he was on his way to accept a Mr. Nice Guy award.

The Starrs don't venture into public much unless it is required, but on Friday nights Bart and Cherry often turn up at the Onida Golf and Riding Club for a fish dinner, a beer for Bart, a Tub for Cherry.

The phone rings. Bart has promised football tickets to some people who drove up to the stadium in a camper that afternoon and encountered him in the parking lot. Bart arrives home at that moment in his Lincoln, rushes into the house and says he has found the people four tickets, thus winning their Mr. Nice Guy award. Bart sits down and tries to grin. It is now about five hours before the exhibition game non-debut, and he is acting calm and patient but is clearly nervous enough to lick the wax off the coffee table. The floor shakes in a series of shuddering slams. "First time I heard that, I thought it was an earthquake," Cherry says, "but it's only Bart Jr. hitting his punching bag in the basement. Notice how Bart thought of the perfect place to hang the bag, under the den."

"I'm a very emotional person, but I hide my emotions," Bart says. "My father was an extremely hard-nosed master sergeant. I was introverted as a kid."

continued

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GARY STARR continued

Starr is now one of the smoothest after-dinner speakers who ever toured the circuit, but he has refused nearly all requests for speeches and endorsements since he took the Green Bay job. Starr says he applied for the job after Devine resigned to become head coach at Notre Dame. Dominic Olejniczak, president of the seven-man executive committee of Green Bay Packers, Inc. since 1958, made the Christmas Eve announcement that Starr had been hired. "I thought you'd never ask," Starr said to laughter at the press conference. Mr. O., a former mayor of Green Bay and old pal of Packers founder Curly Lambeau, had cast the deciding vote against firing Devine earlier in the year.

A story going around town is that in the divisional championship season of 1972, Starr as quarterback coach called the plays from the sideline right up until the playoff with the Redskins in which Devine called the plays and the Packers lost. Starr says that story is exaggerated, and that he quit at the end of the season simply because he was not content to be an assistant coach. (He had retired as a player in July 1972 after two shoulder operations.)

Starr inherited some problems he would as soon have done without, but if they hadn't existed there might not have been a Green Bay coaching job open in the first place. The controversial trade in the middle of last season for John Hadl—the NTC's Player of the Year with the Rams in 1973, benched by the Rams in 1974—provided the Packers with an experienced quarterback but deprived them of first, second and third choices in last winter's college draft and of first and second choices in 1976.

"When I got over the shock of being traded by the Rams, which was a total surprise to me, I was sort of flattered by the price I had brought," says Hadl.

Another problem was last year's deal for All-Pro Linebacker Ted Hendricks. At Green Bay, Hendricks' salary was jumped to \$125,000 from the \$48,500 he had made at Baltimore, and his option clause scratched out. This year Starr and Hendricks were "several hundred thousand dollars apart" in their negotiations, and Hendricks has moved on to Oakland. All-Pro Guard Gale Sayers, 31, quit the Packers early in training camp, saying he had lost his desire. Cornerback Ken Ellis walked out of camp a couple of times over contract dis-

puts, embarrassing Starr by leaving the second time shortly after Bart had praised Ellis in a speech to the team.

But Starr also inherited a good defensive unit. The only coach Starr retained from the old staff was Defensive Coach Dave Hanner, who now has the unusual title of assistant head coach. General Manager Starr has handed out titles and responsibilities in a way that shows either great confidence or none at all. Bob Harlan is the corporate general manager who negotiates player contracts, and Tom Miller, the business general manager, takes care of the other administrative details. "I don't want to get deeply involved with business affairs," said Starr, "and I wonder if I could sit and haggle with a player and his agent for two hours and then be objective about that player on the field."

Green Bay players say that Starr and his staff have been associated with winners and there is no reason to think this relationship will not continue. In fact, the first time the Packers got the ball two weeks ago in Starr's exhibition game non-debut against Buffalo, rookie Willard Harrell ran back a punt 82 yards for a touchdown. A joyful Starr, showing as much emotion as a cheerleader, raced out to the hashmark to congratulate Harrell. Green Bay defeated Buffalo 23-6.

Last Saturday night in Milwaukee the Packers won again, squeaking past their traditional foes, the Chicago Bears, by a score of 13-9. But Green Bay's lack of artistry made it easy for Starr to refrain from superlatives. Bobby Douglass, the Bear quarterback, turned out to be a Packer hero when one of his passes was intercepted in the Green Bay end zone near the end of the half. Hadl then took the Packers 80 yards for seven points and a lead they never lost. His play gave Starr some satisfaction, and Harrell again turned in a creditable game, rushing for 45 yards in 12 attempts.

No great quarterback has ever been a notable success as a head coach in the pros, although Bob Waterfield, Norm Van Brocklin, Otto Graham and Sammy Baugh have tried. Starr says he has never considered the reason, but friends say he mentions it from time to time. "One thing is, those men coached in big cities, not in a community like Green Bay," says Bratkowski. "Green Bay could be a Utopia for a coach, and Bart is staying straight on the sidewalk. Just like always, he'll make it."

END

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GATEWAY TO HEAVEN



Now that the Park Service has opened up vast and dramatic spaces rimming the city, San Franciscans can take flight and have a wingding time in a 34,000-acre paradise

by DONALD DALE JACKSON

To a kid growing up in the San Francisco Bay Area, the windy green headlands on the northern side of the Golden Gate Bridge were taboo. The placid hills, splashed with bright orange poppies and mustard, meandered west to the ocean, dipping abruptly to steep cliffs and rocky coves that were whammed by the ferocious waves of the Golden Gate. These hills afforded the best view of the handsomest city in America, whatever other delights they concealed, but they were off limits. The Army owned the land. No trespassing.

The same was true of Alcatraz, except that its grip was mainly on the imagination. At Fisherman's Wharf you could peer through a telescope and try to spot the villains quartered there. You could sail to within 200 yards of the island, but if you strayed closer, the prison guards would fire warning shots. As a San Francisco reporter I once gazed in wonder at an Alcatraz inmate who had managed to survive the swim to the mainland, where he was promptly captured; he grinned foolishly and flashed an "O.K." sign with thumb and forefinger, but his skin was lavender.

The forbidden fruits of the past seem permanent, invulnerable to change. Who would expect to find Smokey Bear

nibbling at them. But in October 1972 Smokey and his pals at the National Park Service were presented Alcatraz, the Golden Gate headlands, most of the San Francisco shoreline and a glorious stretch of land northwest of the Golden Gate. The whole complex, known as the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, passed so quietly into Park Service hands that most local residents are still unaware that it is a national playground. Grammar school kids now tromp the worn corridors of Alcatraz; hang gliders soar from the cliffs bordering the Golden Gate; hikers and cyclists roam the meadows of the old Army posts.

Together with Gateway National Recreation Area around New York harbor, the San Francisco park represents the first visible result of the "parks to the people" program initiated during the stormy tenure of Interior Secretary Walter Hickel. The two urban-centered parks have also thrust the National Park Service into the still-uncomfortable role of urban recreation director.

Golden Gate National Recreation Area (or GGNRA, which helps a little) offers more diversions within its 34,000 acres than are dreamt of in Disney boardrooms. It reaches from the southern edge of San Francisco's narrow Ocean

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

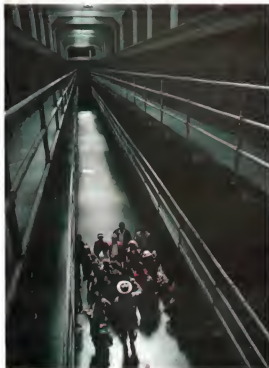
HEAVEN continued

Beach to the village of Olema, 20 miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge. Within that strip are dunes, rocky coastline, swimming beaches (but only for the intrepid; swimming here is dangerous), redwood and pine forests, abandoned missile silos, old gun emplacements, lagoons, rookeries, hiking and horse trails and, at the Marina Green, the best kite-flying turf on the Pacific coast. It includes many of the pleasure grounds that San Franciscans are always showing off to tourists: the Cliff House and Seal Rocks; Fort Point, the Civil War fortress beneath the bridge; and the cliffs on the city's northwest tip that culminate at Land's End.

The acreage figure is misleading; 34,000 acres is the amount of landscape that Congress authorized the Park Service to acquire, but acquisition has been slow and costly. Some of the land belonged to the military and was simply transferred to the park. Other segments are state



Step two-three-four: leading the drill at Fort Point.



Alcatraz cellblock: nowadays they pay to be locked up.



In the Park Service arsenal: surplus Nike sites.



Silicon beachhead: rock-climbing duo storms the strand.

parks and must be formally released by the state to the National Park Service. Still other sections, including the Cliff House, are privately owned and have to be purchased by the government.

The most popular portion of the new park is Alcatraz, the 12-acre outcrop of sandstone and serpentine in midbay that served as a fort, military prison and (from 1934 to 1963) the toughest federal slammer in the land. Alcatraz visitors pay \$2 for a round-trip boat ride from Fisherman's Wharf to the island, where rangers walk them past the cell-blocks once occupied by Al Capone, Old Creepy Karpis, Birdman Stroud and Machine Gun Kelly, then surprise them with the dazzling variety of flowers growing on imported topsoil. More than half a million people have visited Alcatraz since tours began in 1973.

A switchback road climbs to the prison from the island's pier. The road passes through the remains of a pre-Civil War citadel, then skirts banks of geranium, lilies, ice plant and wild radishes. Squadrons of cormorants fly low over the gleaming bay. Sailboats nose through the waves, still keeping their distance of more than 200 yards—nautical habits die hard.

There have long been fables about Alcatraz. Sharks, *continued*



Empty watchtowers: gulls are now the sentinels.



At the edge of city and sea: Ocean Beach is fine for strolling, but bathers are warned of the treacherous currents.



Looking high and low for birds: for hawks from the gun emplacements of Fort Cronkhite, for shore birds in Bolinas Lagoon.



for example, were said to cruise offshore, waiting for a tasty fugitive, but they were, in fact, a minor risk. The water's temperature and the speed of the current were the real dangers. Only one prisoner (my grinning friend) was ever known to have swum successfully to the mainland. Five others disappeared in the attempt—maybe they made it, maybe not.

Since the prison became part of the park, however, swimmers have practically turned the Alcatraz-to-San Francisco trip into a commuter run. Jack LaLanne did it in hand-cuffs, and with his legs shackled, towing a boat behind him. Numerous people have swum from San Francisco, circled the island and swum back.

The prison itself is small, small in the way that a childhood schoolyard is small when revisited a generation later: four cellblocks in one medium-sized building, three tiers of cells per block, a concrete recreation yard the size of a football field and little else. A few outbuildings still stand: others are piles of rubble—several buildings were destroyed when Indians occupied the island between 1969 and 1971. The main prison building is obviously crumbling. Park employees do only the minimal housekeeping necessary for safety. They call its condition "arrested decay."

Alcatraz is actually a mean and ugly monument to hopelessness, an extended dungeon inconspicuously surrounded by flowers. "I always thought they at least had a view of the city from here," said one woman visitor, "but they only had that in the dining room." The prison leaves many visitors with a strange, unsatisfied feeling, Ranger Craig Doeman says. "People expect it to be bigger, and they expect something magical, but they don't know what. There's no magic about it. It was just another federal prison, with the same problems as other prisons. It was part of the maximum security main line in American prisons. The only difference is that it was smaller."

But if Alcatraz is disenchanting, the rest of GGNRA is a garden of delights. Some have long been popular, still others are relatively unknown. "We're still doing an inventory to find out exactly what we have in this area and to learn about it," says Jack Wheat, the park's chief of "special projects." "We haven't really established our identity yet."

At Fort Point rangers in Union Army uniforms lead platoons of giggling high school students in close-order drill. Wet-suited surfers flirt with the rocks in a cove next to the fort. "We don't forbid surfing, but we warn about the dangers," says Wheat, who is mild, white-haired and looks like the butler in an English movie. "We do point out that five or six people a year are drowned in park waters and that another 150 have to be rescued." Sirangers to northern California are usually unaware of the dangerous current in this part of the Pacific. One warm day last year a group of teen-age singers from Salt Lake City galloped eagerly into the inviting water en masse; two were swept away and drowned.

Across the Golden Gate Bridge, in the once-verboten green hills of the Marin Headlands, Park Service signs have replaced NO TRESPASSING. Still, says Wheat, "People even now don't know they're allowed there."

Kirby Cove is a beautiful, secluded beach snuggled against a cliff in the shadow of the bridge. "There's a road down to it, but we're keeping it closed at the moment," Wheat says.

"We let groups use the campground there in the summer." The cove is the site of one of the dozens of artillery batteries poking the hills that were constructed in the early 1900s to defend the entrance to the harbor.

Just west of the cove is Bonita Point, at the end of a long hill covered with mustard, Indian gambut and purple lupines. Here the Army planted a grove of pines to shield its guns. Dark-feathered cormorants jam wing to wing on offshore rocks. A piece of an old pier, iron rings still bolted to its frame, lies on the sand. A single surf fisherman stood there recently, arms folded, his rod anchored with a sand spike. The fisherman said that he coaxed an occasional shark out of the surf along with perch and stripers. "Some of these sharks have some size, too," he said. "Why, a friend of mine lost his whole rig—rod, sand spike and all." The fisherman had heard that the Park Service was contemplating opening the road to Kirby Cove. "That'll probably shoot it and this spot here," he said. "There's just enough of a hike now to discourage most people. If they open that road, we'll get station wagons and kids and all their trash." He looked across the water at the shimmering city. "It's amazing how peaceful it is here now," he said, "with the city so close you can practically see in the windows."

Nearby, several gun emplacements are carved into the hillsides. Small concrete platforms stand atop lower hills near the water: sighting positions for gunners. "There are a couple of abandoned Nike missile sites in the area, too," says Wheat. The Park Service runs a summer camp for city kids at a Nike site on the San Francisco side, using the underground silo for a dormitory.

A high, poppy-covered hill offers a panoramic view of the entire Bay Area—the ocean shoreline down to Pacifica, the cities of the East Bay tucked beneath the foothills, the twin arms of the bay reaching out toward the Sierra Nevada tributaries. The Farallon Islands, 30 miles out in the Pacific, are a dark mound in the hazy distance.

Red-tailed hawks hang over the hills between ocean and bay, silently working their wings like rudders to counter the wind and remain in the same place. This particular spot is a kind of assembly point for predatory birds. They migrate south until they get here, then hesitate, seemingly because of the water. They go into a holding pattern, circling until they crank up the courage for the flight across the Gate. "A bunch of hang-gliding enthusiasts wanted to use that spot," Wheat says, "but we decided the birds had priority." The hang-gliders were forced to settle for another hill nearby.

North of the hawk assembly point is Rodeo Lagoon, where the Park Service has a ranger station. Hundreds of pelicans congregate at the lagoon in late summer, Ranger Jim Lester says. He looked out at the ocean one recent morning and saw several whales within a mile of shore. At the end of the road, past another gun battery site, is a steep incline leading to a tiny, well-concealed sandy beach—a thorn, it develops, in Smokey Bear's paw.

"The road into it is on a 1,200-acre private ranch, the biggest chunk of private land that we still haven't acquired," Wheat explains. The ranch blocks a projected hiking trail that will run from the bridge all the way to GGNRA's northern tip, which happens to adjoin another federal preserve, Point Reyes National Seashore. "We're negotiating with

continued

the owners," Wheat says, "but we might have in go to condemnation." This would be a last resort.

Mount Tamalpais State Park, north of the private ranch, is one of the places that California is supposed to donate to Smokey. Small groves of thick-trunked redwoods, looking dark and damp, cluster on the mountainside. Beyond lies the Olema Valley, a little-known and lightly settled belt of lush grassland between coastal hills. The valley, primarily used by cattle ranchers, was not included in the first park proposal offered by the Nixon Administration, but was added at the insistence of conservationists.

Under the circumstances, most Olema Valley ranchers reacted to the park's arrival with remarkably good grace. "Sure I sold. Did I have a choice?" says Earl Lupton. "My ranch had been in the family since 1865, and my main regret is that now I can't pass it on to my son. But I was under some pressure from developers as well as the government, and I think that the Park Service and [GGNRA Superintendent] Bill Whalen were fair and reasonable."

A recent tour of the area ended on the Marin Headlands where a movie company was shooting a scene against the backdrop of bridge and city glowing in the late afternoon sun. The movie, *The Killer Elite*, starred James Caan and was being directed by Sam Peckinpah. A dozen vans were parked amid the hills and gun emplacements, along with trailer dressing rooms and an idling ambulance. Several camp chairs, labeled with their owners' names, had been set up. Out on the bay the Fisherman's Wharf fishing fleet, homeward bound, was sailing under the bridge. A flock of scavenging gulls cruised hopefully above the horde of Hollywood folk, hangers-on and sightseers. A white-haired man in a fur-lined coat suddenly looked around anxiously.

"Get Mr. Peckinpah's chair!" a curly-haired man screamed. "Get Mr. Peckinpah's chair." It is a park for everybody.

Our time: Golden Gate National Recreation Area would not exist if it weren't for a) Edgar Wayburn's climb of Mount Tamalpais on Sept. 11, 1947, b) the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, c) the Indian occupation of Alcatraz, d) that wonderful gang at the White House—Richard, John, H. R. (Bob) etc.—or e) all of the above.

The answer is e. The creation of the park was due to a mellow mixture of personality, luck and the tides of politics. Also, perhaps, to the arrival of an idea whose time was just beyond the next redwood.

The personality was Ed Wayburn, a San Francisco physician who has been one of the eminences of the Sierra Club for a generation. Wayburn is described by one politician as "a genius conspirator, a man who knows how to work covertly and to make alliances, and who knows from long experience where the power levers are." Wayburn is also, like most passionate partisans of nature, a romantic.

He remembers vividly the September day when he first saw the glorious potential of the area that was to become the park. "I had hiked from Sisson Beach up the west ridge of Mount Tamalpais," he says. "I reached the top just as the sun was setting and the moon rising, and I could see the city and the ocean and forests and hills, and I realized that this was one of the scenic climaxes of the world, one of the climax meeting places of land and sea."

Wayburn and Ansel Adams, the noted nature photog-

rapher, began pressing the National Park Service to take over the Golden Gate headlands in the mid-1950s. "I could see the dangers with the spread of housing developments close to the area," Wayburn says. Washington remained indifferent. The feds struck Wayburn as the logical landlords because of the multiple jurisdictions involved: the Army, the state and Marin County all held pieces of the prize. Luck was with him, since lawsuits prevented housing developers who owned some of the land from building.

A breakthrough didn't occur until Walter Hickel came to Washington and immediately began carrying on about "parks to the people." The political profit in federally protected open space near large cities was instantly apparent to Nixon's men, particularly John Ehrlichman, as well as to the urban Congressmen who were finally gaining the whip hand on important committees. Politicians had been increasingly nervous about the cities since the riots of the mid-'60s culminating in the aftermath of Dr. King's assassination, and a federal commitment to urban greenery looked like a splendid way to solve many problems at once.

The final pieces were juggled into place by two unrelated events. The first was the Indian seizure of Alcatraz in 1969, which goaded the great bureaucratic beast into a belated decision on what to do with the place. The second was a reasonably innocuous federal plan to construct a records storage center at Fort Miley, an abandoned outpost not far from the Cliff House. This ignited a fire in the breast of Amy Meyer, who lives four blocks from Fort Miley.

"We didn't want a big institutional building there when what the city needed was a green belt," she recalls. She organized a neighborhood group and recruited Wayburn, who contributed the long view. Within a year they built a coalition of 65 separate groups and found a focus—the creation of a federal play ground to combine the remnant greenery in San Francisco, Alcatraz, the now-surplus Army land and the Marin hills that had beguiled Wayburn for so long. In the fashion of the times they chose an acronym: PFGGNRA ("Piffmura"), which unrolls to People For a Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

The time was now ripe for attack, and Wayburn knew it. At Hickel's instigation the government had already begun a study of possible national park land in the Bay Area. When the Indians were finally dislodged from Alcatraz in 1971, the administration and Piffmura were both ready with park proposals.

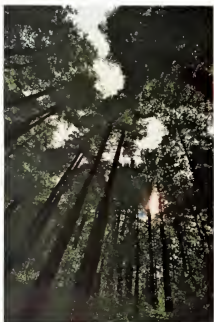
The major difference between their plans was the Olema Valley, which the government neglected to include. This oversight was corrected through an adroitly orchestrated low-pressure campaign, and Nixon signed the GGNRA into law 11 days before the 1972 Presidential election. "I was amazed," says Assistant Interior Secretary Nathaniel Reed. "I wouldn't have given Wayburn and company a chance in Hades with the obstacles they had, especially after Hickel's fall from favor."

The advent of urban national parks—Gateway in New York also arrived in 1972, Cuyahoga Valley National Recreation Area near Cleveland came into being last year and half a dozen other cities are standing in line with similar proposals—planted the National Park Service on unfamiliar terrain. Smokey Bear's preserve has traditionally been Way Out There some-where, four days from the nearest del-

continued



In touch with nature - surfcasters cloaked in fog, a child feeling the foam and, for all, the splendor of redwoods.



scatessen, in Yellowstone or Yosemite or the Grand Canyon, not on the streets of San Francisco or the sidewalks of New York.

Many veteran rangers are uneasy in their new roles. "This idea is extremely radical within the service," says GGNRA Superintendent Bill Whalen. "A lot of Park Service people believe that our job is protecting the crown jewels like Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons. But I think we realize now that those parks are used almost exclusively by the middle class. How many ghetto kids get a chance to see them? I think the idea of urban parks is slowly being accepted, and even the oldtimers can't deny the political realities."

Running an urban park is a much trickier assignment than clocking Old Faithful or describing Yosemite Falls. The responsibility to protect the land is still present, but it is coupled with an obligation to reach the city dweller. "We took a bunch of inner city kids to the headlands last year," says Ann Belkov of GGNRA. "They just wanted to run around in the grass and scream. We're trying to get them into nature through games."

"We have to make an effort to touch these people," Whalen says. "I tell the rangers not to make a father look bad in front of his kids, and to offer to take photographs if a family has a camera. The point is that we have all this space for people to enjoy so close to the city. I don't think anyone will know the significance of this place until years from now, and then it will be recognized as a pioneer like Yellowstone."

Assistant Interior Secretary Reed, whose job includes paying the Park Service's annual appropriations out of Congress, worries that the cost of urban parks will drain too much money away from the Yellowstone and Glaciers. "Let's face it," he says, "the cost of an urban recreation area by any standard of measurement—for trash collecting, lifeguards, policemen, everything—is close to 10 times as much as the cost of a Yellowstone, simply because so many more people use it. But how are you going to deny money to New York and San Francisco?"

"I thought we could hold it down to the two parks, Gateway and Golden Gate, and have perhaps 10 years to show what we could do. But it's now apparent that any mayor with budget trouble is going to say we need the Federal Government to run the city beach. I think our urban parks are almost too successful—they're so attractive, they're so bloody good that everyone wants one, the Park Service gives off such a sense of happiness. The question is, whose role is it? Where do we stop? We have to find another way to protect land besides the National Park Service." One short-term solution he suggests is to set up a separate financing account for urban parks so the old-line parks won't suffer. In the long run Reed believes "we'll have to learn how to run landscape planning in this country without ownership rights."

But the most radical change accompanying urban parks is the notion that people deserve a say in shaping the park. GGNRA staff members have appeared at more than a hundred meetings of citizens' groups throughout the Bay Area, introducing the park with a slide show and soliciting suggestions. "We're just listening," says Jack Wheat, "in effect saying, 'O.K. we have a park here now. How do you think it should be run and what should it do for people?' This hasn't been done before in the Park Service."

"I think the public will make better decisions than the Park Service can," says Whalen. A 15-member citizens' panel was established to advise the Golden Gate park managers on policy, with the requirement that three members

be from minority groups. Whalen and the citizens' panel recently held a hearing to consider the establishment of a performing arts center at Fort Mason, the longtime Army port of embarkation that serves as park headquarters. The panel listened courteously as an exotic assortment of actors, musicians, artists and others stood up to make their pitch for a piece of the federal action. At last a barefoot, open-faced girl, identifying herself as the "Princess of Argisle," interrupted to read a poem she had composed. "I hear the bureaucratic lullaby," she read. "... Give us the space to plant our tree, the tree of community."

Whalen, who had apparently dealt with royalty before, reacted instantly. "Princess, I thought that was very nice," he said, "and I'd like to have a copy of your poem." The

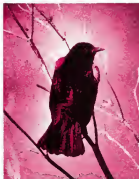
princess beamed and, of course, presented a copy.

Most of the public's ideas so far have run heavily to improved transportation, restoration of fallen landmarks and special facilities for the aged. The majority of Alcatraz visitors want the prison tours to continue; others have proposed an Indian museum, a bird sanctuary and a picnic area for the island. One disenchanted tourist wrote that, "Except for the prison, it makes a good rock."

"We're not going to accept all or even most of the public's suggestions," says Assistant Secretary Reed, "but we expect to get a lot of ideas we wouldn't think of ourselves and also some semblance of a consensus on what people see as the park's future."

Schoolchildren are also invited to contribute suggestions. A fourth-grader named Nathan Van Leer proposed that the buildings at Fort Mason be razed and replaced by a permanent circus. "Then people could go there instead of to school," he wrote. "It's no fun with no circus in the city."

Nathan, old man, you could be wrong. San Francisco possesses everything necessary for civilized contentment: good Chinese restaurants, terrific ice cream, beautiful vistas from every other hill, long-legged girls and an atmosphere of easygoing grace. Now it has all that and a 34,000-acre playground, too. Let Detroit have the circus. **END**



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NO KNOCK ON WOODS IN BOSTON

Few radio sports broadcasts are as popular as those of Red Sox games when Boston is in a pennant fight. More than 50 stations carry the team to homes, cars, bars and beaches in Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Long Island and other assorted states and provinces. And rarely have the games had a wider audience than right now. The youthful 1975 Red Sox have been causing so much excitement in New England that if the light were to go on in the Old North Church again, it probably would signal, one if by Rice, two if by Lynn.

The Sox have two lucrative broadcasting packages worth \$1.6 million a season for television rights and \$400,000 a year for radio. The new TV crew of Dick Stockton and Ken (Hawk) Harrelson has received mixed reviews (see critic says, "Harrelson is doing for instant replays what the Boston Stranger did for door-to-door salesmen.") But the radio team of Ned Martin and Jim Woods is surely one of the finest in the country.

Even so, Martin and Woods may be missing in 1976 if flagship station WHDH fails to renew its contract after 30 years of carrying the Sox. When a new station picks up rights to a team's games, it often prefers to bring in its own announcers.

If that happens, Sox fans will be the big losers. Martin has long been one of New England's most able reporters, and teaming with Woods has brought out the best in him. Woods is baseball's perpetually "second" announcer, a 58-year-old who has worked for a quarter of the clubs in the majors. Now, after almost 23 big-league seasons and seven in the minors, he still isn't sure he's found a permanent home.

Woods has been second man to such famous broadcasters as the Yankees' Mel Allen and Red Barber and the late Russ Hodges of the Giants. He has teamed with Lindsey Nelson on the *Game of the Week*, with Jack Buck on Cardinal broadcasts and with Bob Prince on Pirate games.

Woods has been called Possum ever since Einos Slaughter got a look at his hurr hurr one day in 1954 and said, "I've seen better heads on a possum." Often during Woods' tenure in Pittsburgh, Prince's wife Betty would introduce Woods' wife Audrey as "Mrs. Possum."

As a youngster Woods was a bat boy for the Kansas City Blues and later studied journalism at the University of Missouri. He quit school to cover local sports on a 100-watt station in Mason City, Iowa. Two years later he began announcing University of Iowa football games, when a young sports-caster named Ronald Reagan left that job to sign a Hollywood contract.

In 1948 Woods benefited from what may well have been baseball's most bizarre trade. Branch Rickey was running the Dodgers then, and when Barber was taken ill, Rickey phoned Earl Mann, the president of the Atlanta Crackers. Rickey wanted to hire Cracker Announcer Ernie Harwell to replace Barber. Mann and Rickey struck an agreement that sent Catcher Cliff Dapper to the Crackers for Harwell. Woods, sort of the sports-caster-to-be-named-later in the deal, moved into Harwell's job. When the Crackers sold their TV rights for \$160,000 the next year, he became the first announcer to do an entire home season of play-by-play on television.

Woods joined the Yankees and Allen in 1953. "I was a little awed by New York at first, but Mel was a tremendous pro and really helped me," he says. "He kept reminding me to complete my sentences. If I said, 'A foul ball back,' he would whisper, 'Back where!' One day I walked into Mel's suite and he was on the phone talking to Joe DiMaggio about Marilyn Monroe. I knew then I was in the big leagues. But the one thing about doing Yankee games was that George Weiss, the general manager, had a hot line into the booth. He would monitor the broadcasts, and often a light on the phone would go on and George would say, 'Too much levity in the booth,' or, 'You aren't promoting the forthcoming White Sox series enough.'"

When Phil Rizzuto retired from shortstop to the broadcasting booth, Woods was eased out of his position with the Yankees and moved over to the New York Giants. The year after that, the Giants went to San Francisco, and Woods heard that the Pirates were looking for an announcer to work alongside



JIM WOODS HAS BEEN NO. 2 FOR 22 SEASONS

Prince. Prince wears remarkable sports jackets, says what he pleases, roots openly for the Pirates and is indeed one of a kind. "A lot of people told me not to work with him," Woods says, "but I finally decided that I wanted to try him on for size. What followed were the best and zaniest 12 years of my career."

In 1970 Woods went to St. Louis for two seasons, but found he liked neither the city nor the Cardinal organization. Charlie Finley was Woods' next employer, and for two years they got along fine. But according to Woods, Finley likes the "Midwestern style of announcing, where the announcer screams on pop flies. At the end of my second year he said to me, 'Jim, you're one of the best announcers when something is happening, but when nothing is going on you don't make it very exciting.'"

In the winter of 1974, not long after Woods had agreed to do the Red Sox games, Finley called. "Jim, I've thought this over and I'd like you to come back."

"Charlie," said Woods, "I've obligated myself to do the Red Sox games for the next two years."

"Jim, everybody knows those contracts aren't worth the paper they are written on," said the man who then was tightening the screws on the contract he had with a manager named Dick Williams.

Of course, Woods honored his Boston commitment, to the delight—hopefully not temporary—of Red Sox fans.

END

The Royals are flush

Inspired by a new manager who has scourged defeatism—and moved Big Bopper John Mayberry back to bopping—K.C. is challenging Oakland

For the Kansas City Royals this would be, as a measure of the future, a testing series. Here they were last week, driving hard after the flagging Oakland A's, with a new manager who had primed them well enough to win 14 of their last 18 games, but playing now in Baltimore, in hated Baltimore, where many a Royal has bombed. So the first night, not looking like serious contenders, they go out and lose 4-0.

Enough, said Whitey Herzog, who on July 24 had taken command of the team from Jack McKeon. In the clubhouse before the second Oriole game, Herzog called a short meeting. He began, "You are a very good team . . ."

"... but I've been telling them that since I came," Herzog said the next morning, after the Royals went out and beat the streaking Orioles 4-2 in 10 innings. K.C. would lose that night, but for the moment Herzog was happy with one out of three. "This time I just wanted to tell them that they are a good team in Baltimore. And in Oakland. Back home there's always been a lot of moaning from the fans and the press that the Royals couldn't win in those places. And they had the figures to prove it. You keep hearing that junk, you start to believe it."

Going into this season, Kansas City had won only eight times in Baltimore, while losing 27. And in Oakland the Royals had won just 16 games, while losing no fewer than 38.

"Those records were built against Kansas City when it was an expansion team," Herzog told his troops. "You aren't an expansion team any longer. You are as good as any team in this league. And you can win in Baltimore just as well as you can win at home."

Herzog has brought a lot to Kansas City, but mostly he has brought confidence. When he arrived from the California Angels, where he was coaching third base, the Royals were in second

place, 11 games behind Oakland and going nowhere. They had lost confidence in McKeon, a fun-loving guy who had lost communication with them. It hadn't helped a bit that at the end of last season McKeon had fired Charley Lau, his hitting coach and a man respected by the players.

Since 1958 Herzog has made his home in Independence, Mo., just 10 minutes from the Royals' ball park, and over the winter he had heard the players grumbling. One of his first moves when he became manager was to rehire Lau.

"I've always believed a manager should surround himself with the most intelligent, most capable coaches he can find," says Herzog, who spent the 1973 season managing (and building) the Texas Rangers, only to be fired to make room for Billy Martin. "Some managers are afraid to do that."

Herzog also restored the old K.C. starting lineup, which McKeon had been juggling in hopes of getting something going. That meant Freddie Patek, who had been leading off since 1971, went back to hitting first, with Cookie Rojas batting second, Amos Otis third, etc.

"When I was on the other side and the Royals had those guys batting one, two, three, that's when I felt they were toughest," Herzog says. Then he reinserted left-hander Paul Splittorff into what had become an all-right-handed pitching rotation—and Splittorff has gone 3-0. And he began calling each player in for a one-on-one talk.

"I think in the last three weeks I've held more conferences than Kissinger," says Herzog. "Other than that, we didn't do much. People started telling me I was a genius, but I've been down that road before—a genius one day, a dummy the next. It's kind of hard to look bad when you've got a guy like John Mayberry hitting the way he is."

In June, Mayberry was struggling



THE A'S ARE TIRED, SAYS WHITEY HERZOG

along with only nine home runs. It got so bad that McKeon was playing the 6'3", 220-pound left-hander against such left-handers as Vida Blue and Frank Tanana and resting him against Dick Bosman and Ed Figueroa, right-handers.

"Since I'm a left-handed hitter, I thought it was a strange way of platooning a guy hitting around .210," Mayberry says dryly. "One day I decided I had better get my stuff together."

Since July 1 Mayberry has got enough of his stuff together to leap into first place in the league in home runs (29), and into second place in RBIs (84), walks (84) and in slugging percentage (.563). Over that span and going into the Baltimore series, he had hit .365 with 17 home runs and had driven in 45 runs.

"Right now," says Lau, "he's the best hitter in the American League, and maybe in all of baseball. A hitter like John only comes along once every 10 years."

Mayberry is not the only Royal to wield a hot bat of late. In recent streaks running from 10 to 15 games, Otis hit .385, Hal McRae, who leads the league in doubles, .361; Bob Stinson, .325, and George Brett, .316. Such bopping helped reduce Oakland's lead from 11 to 5½ games early last week. After taking two of three weekend games from the Yankees—Mayberry homering in each—the Royals were six out.

"I told the team I thought we could catch Oakland," says Herzog, "but I didn't expect to be this close quite this quickly. But I told our guys it had to hap-

pen sometime. First, we are a darn good team and, more importantly, now we believe it. And I told them, just look at Oakland's lineup. It's a great team. But eight of their guys have played 105 games, and another has played 99. They've got to be tired. And their top three relievers are one, two, three in the league in appearances. Charley Finley keeps making out the lineups, and Alvin Dark keeps playing them. Dark knows they need a rest, but what can he do? And when something does happen, they haven't got any bench."

The Royals have no such problem. When one of his starting outfielders tires, Herzog can substitute either Jim Wohlford or Vada Pinson. In recent weeks Frank White has filled in at second and short and has been outstanding. And should Mayberry need a day off, Hammond Killebrew or Tony Solaita, the designated hitters, can pick up a glove.

"Right now," says Herzog, "the key to the Royals will be what happens after we lose two or three straight games. Last year in August they were four games back, and they lost a couple. Then a couple of more. When it was over, they had lost something like 16 out of 18 and had fallen from second place to fifth. I don't think that can happen again."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 19-26)

by KENT HANNON

NL EAST While the Pirates (1-6), Phillies (1-5) and Cardinals (3-3) battled for the division lead (page 8), the Mets quietly moved up to make it a four-team race. However, injuries to starting Pitchers Jon Matlack, Jerry Koosman and George Stone could make it tough for New York to stage a pennant run. Tom Seaver beat San Diego 9-4 for his 16th win, but saving the day for the Mets were 25-year-old Hank Webb and 24-year-old Craig Swan, who both won games at week's end.

Having collected 18 hits in an 18-12 loss to Pittsburgh earlier this year, the Cubs should not have been surprised when they knocked out 16 hits in a game with Cincinnati last week and were beaten 12-8—after once leading by five runs. Undaunted by the Cubs' descent from first place to fifth has been Bill Madlock, who went on a 10 for 13 year last week the had streaks of 14 for 18

and 12 for 19 earlier this season), to raise his average to .359.

Montreal broke a six-game losing streak by beating the Dodgers 8-3 and 3-2. The toughest loss of the Expos' slump came against San Francisco. In that game, rookie Dan Warthen shut out the Giants on one hit for 10 innings. Expo Reliever Woodie Fryman took the defeat in the 12th.

PIT 37-34 PHIL 33-33 ST. L. 24-37
NY 62-58 CHI 37-36 MONT 30-58

NL WEST When Cincinnati's Pete Rose played left field, it was known as the "Rose Garden." Now that Rose has moved to third base, Reds fans have renamed the area "Fosterville" in tribute to the booming bat of George Foster. During a week in which 17 players had four-hit games, Foster was the best. He went 5 for 5 in a 9-3 win over the Cubs. His three home runs, .519 average and 11 RBIs led the Reds to a 6-0 week and 12 victories in their last 13 games. A .264 hitter last year with only seven homers and 41 runs batted in, Foster's 1975 figures read: .306, 21 and 67. And he was not the only red-hot Red. Rightfielder Ken Griffey had four hits in the same game in which Foster had five. First Baseman Tony Perez added a four-hit performance the next day and Rose finished the week needing just one hit to reach a total of 2,500 for his 13-year career.

No longer harboring any thoughts of coaching the Reds, who now lead by 17½ games, Los Angeles was busy trying to stay ahead of its neck-and-neck neighbors from the north, the Giants. Thirty-year-old Dodger marmite Don Sutton (16-10) threw a three-hitter to beat the Mets 2-1 and looked as though he might finally have a 20-win season. In the last four years he has won 17, 19, 18 and 19. After six L.A. victories, the week ended with a pair of losses to the Expos and a statement by injured Outfielder Bill Buckner that was indicative of the Dodgers' mood: "I need surgery on my ankle. I would like it to be done now, so I could forget this year and prepare for next."

Outfielder Gary Matthews hit four home runs and Second Baseman Derral Thomas rapped out nine hits in three games as the Giants also won six in a row before losing twice. Those defeats stalled San Francisco's drive for second place. The Giants still trail the Dodgers by 3½ games.

Surprising San Diego won its 55th game more than a month earlier than last year as lefthander Randy Jones improved his record to 16-7 by throwing a four-hitter against the Phillies. Jones leads all major league starters with a 2.01 ERA.

The Braves beat the Pirates twice when rookie Shortstop Rob Belfour, a former Atlanta Stadium usher, doubled in the first two

runs of his career one night and singled and scored the winning run the next.

Playing it cool when you are 33 games below .500 is a difficult proposition, even in the air-conditioned Astro dome, where Houston used to be almost unbeatable. A five-game winning streak briefly improved the Astros' home record to 29-35, but then they dropped three straight at the Dome. The last of the defeats was by a 5-3 score to Chicago, as the Cubs exercised some old Astrodome demons (they have a 10-year indoor record of 26-51) by hurling home two runs in the same inning.

CIN 31-32 LA 30-37 SF 20-31
SD 30-35 ATL 33-36 HOUS 48-72

AL EAST Appropriately enough, Detroit's citywide garbage strike and the Tigers' 19-game losing streak, one short of the league record, ended on the same day when Ray Bane fired a two-hitter and Detroit beat the Angels 8-0 in California. Bill Freehan's performance during that span typified the Tigers' frustrations. He went hitless the day the streak began; in the midst of it he was ejected from a game for only the second time in his career; and finally, he broke loose with four hits in the streak-ender.

The first-place Red Sox continued winning often enough to hold off their pursuers. Designated Hitter Cecil Cooper had 12 hits and six RBIs in seven games. In all, the Red Sox had 18 extra-base hits, prodigious slugging that even provoked some sarcasm from reticent Manager Darrell Johnson: "What happened to Earl Weaver's gain-a-game-a-week strategy?" Johnson asked.

That's what Weaver would like to know. When he announced his plan on July 2 his Orioles were only 6½ games behind Boston. Six weeks later they are half a game further back. But there was no arguing with Baltimore's pitching. Mike Cuellar threw a two-hitter and a five-hitter, and 18-game winner Jim Palmer had a two-hitter, a remarkable accomplishment considering rain delays held the game up for nearly three hours.

New York's Catfish Hunter defeated his old Oakland teammates 3-1 on three hits to run his season record against the world champs to 3-0. When Kansas City ripped Doc Medich for three triples in one inning on Saturday, the Yanks slipped to a 9-7 record under Manager Billy Martin.

George Scott, Milwaukee's recently appointed team captain, hit .500 with four homers in five games, but struck out when he tried to supply the Brewers (3-3) with some leadership. After he bawled out Centerfielder Gorman Thomas for missing an easy fly ball, a perturbed Thomas said, "They named him captain, not Lord Superior."

When Boog Powell developed wrist and

continued

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CASUALS

BASEBALL *continued*

elbow problems in Baltimore, Oriole fans complained that he had only "warning track power" and was nearing the end of his career. Traded to Cleveland (1-5), where he has been healthy all year, Powell is hitting .306 with 19 home runs.

BOS 73-46 WALT 82-54 NY 82-88
MIL 86-85 CLEV 82-66 DET 87-74

AL WEST The Oakland-Kansas City race tightened when the A's dropped four of seven games at home. Still, Oakland's grittiest victory, a 4-3 defeat of the Red Sox, had a playoff feel to it. Claudell Washington went to the wall for one drive and made a shoestring catch of another after eighth-inning homers by Fred Lynn and Carlton Fisk had cut the A's lead to one run. Joe Rudi saw a specialist after he injured his left thumb and was told he might have to wear a cast on it for the rest of the season. So the indefatigable Rudi found a more obliging doctor, who said the cast could be removed within two weeks.

While the Royals remained six games behind, Texas moved up to third place. When the Rangers acquired 36-year-old Gaylord Perry from Cleveland in June, he could not keep the ball down—and his 6-9 record showed it. And after Perry lost four in a row for Texas, it seemed that the Indians knew what they were doing. But since July 6 Perry has been making like the best pitcher in baseball, with a 7-2 record and four shutouts. In the last 67 innings he has given up three earned runs. Tom Grieve knocked in 11 runs in seven games as Texas won seven of nine on the road.

Jim Kaat won his 17th game as the White Sox split six games and fell to fourth place.

Minnesota, the most schizophrenic team in either league, has the following record for the past six weeks: lost five in a row and, soon thereafter, four more in a row; won four straight; lost four straight; won four straight, suffered only one defeat last week (7-4 to Milwaukee) before winning three straight. Bert Blyleven (12-6) triumphed twice, and in a 9-1 slaughter of Cleveland, every Twin in the starting lineup got at least two hits.

California, easily the best and most entertaining of the four last-place teams, won five of seven as young Frank Tanana fastballed his way past injured teammate Nolan Ryan to take over the major league lead in strikeouts, with 179. The speedy Angels stole six bases in one game—four in the same inning—and that prompted another major league leader, Mickey Rivers, to predict that he might break Lou Brock's record next year. "I have 60 steals now," said Rivers. "I'm going after 80 this year, and I'd like to get 120 next season."

OAK 73-46 KC 80-52 TEX 80-82
CHI 88-82 MINN 80-66 CAL 85-66

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Same old song: 'Football über Alles'

At a special convention called to cut athletic expenses, the NCAA chopped away at the minor sports but left Big Football intact. Its only important act may have been a resolution to study scholarships based on need

At one point during the NCAA's special convention last week, a woe-begone athletic director surfaced above the morass of verbiage (which eventually reached waist level, well over all hotel verbiage safety limits) to implore his colleagues to consider some small amendments. "There are a lot of sportswriters here," he told them, "and they're going to think we're fools." Well, you said it.

The convention, held in the grand ballroom of Chicago's Palmer House beneath seven of Betty Ross' largest creations, had been urgently convened to deal with the depressed economic situation in which athletic departments find themselves. The results of the meeting were dubious, although so many rose-colored glasses were put on following the proceedings that it seemed as if the Elton John fan club, not the NCAA, had gathered.

The accomplishments were predictable and conservative. The substantive issues were never joined, simply because the NCAA is foremost a lobby for Big Football. And Big Football is not about to give in. This is no surprise, nor is it sad harshly. It is just so.

Big Football grudgingly allowed its grants-in-aid to be reduced from 105 to 95 (in a sport the Steelers play rather well with 43 men), thereby saving a few dollars at a handful of institutions that did not want to be cut back in the first place. On the sidelines Arkansas football Coach Frank Broyles explained what a sad state things were in even before the new scholarship limit had been set. "Why, I'm down to 103 already," he groaned. "These boys drop out of school, get injured, get married."

In a grand gesture of false economy, the convention placed oppressive squad limits on a number of smaller sports—tennis, track, volleyball, wrestling. In some cases, fewer athletes will be permitted to travel to matches than are required

to make up a full team. The so-called nonrevenue sports had their scholarships reduced 40%, and basketball was chopped 16.6% (18 to 15), while Big Football took its token 9.5% cut.

Other piddling cost reductions included the abolition of laundry money for the athlete-student (which had been \$15 a month), the imposition of modest restrictions on recruiting (although all mandatory penalties for violators were voted down) and restrictions in the sizes of coaching staffs (football teams will have to scrape by with nine full-time coaches).

Indeed, the most meaningful step was passage of a resolution that calls for the NCAA to undertake a study. The subject: Should athlete-students receive their scholarships on the basis of need, just as almost all other collegians do? The administration of need scholarships for student-students is well organized, and the Ivy League has employed this policy for years with its athletes without difficulty. But most NCAA members fear there is great potential for recruiting mischief in this idea and previously had refused even to consider it.

The amendment authorizing the study was advanced by Bowling Green President Hollis Moore on behalf of the Mid-American and North Central conferences. A Mid-American study has indicated that athletic-scholarship costs can be reduced as much as 40% if the need factor is considered. A full report will be presented at the NCAA's next convention, scheduled for January in St. Louis. As a result, the St. Louis conference may well legislate the harsher economies that the Chicago meeting failed to produce.

For one thing, the January session will probably be attended by more college presidents, who are suddenly rediscovering the NCAA as athletic red ink spills across their desks. Only a handful of presidents attended the 1974 NCAA convention, last week, a score or more were

on hand. As many as 50 presidents are expected in St. Louis, and a commensurate amount of power is likely to flow from the locker rooms back to the executive chambers, from which it originally came. "It is significant that this need legislation came out of our conference," said Moore, a dapper man in candy-apple-red loafers. "The Mid-American and the Western Athletic are perhaps the only two presidents' conferences in the country. In the others, the presidents have historically delegated too much authority, and they are having a hard time retrieving it."

The presidents were barely visible in Chicago, however, except for a revolutionary named Stephen Horn, head man at Long Beach State. The real power lay with the executives of the athletic conferences, and as the meeting wore on, relentlessly trying to deal with 73 amendments and 108 amendments to the amendments, the conference delegations took on distinct characteristics.

Command clearly rested with the Big Ten-Pacific Eight axis. Although seating was on a first-come, first-served basis, these two groups took positions up front on either side of the aisle. Hardly an eleventh-hour revision passed that was not sponsored by the Big Ten, and the Pacific Eight, stocked with a strikingly high percentage of rich baronies, commandeered the microphones. Far off to one side huddled the Big Eight, put-upon, stubborn, even whining near the end. On the other side was the Southwest Conference, usually emotional, sometimes shrill and, despite its traditional success with X's and O's, apparently incapable of drafting legislation requiring the use of the other 24 letters. And there were the Atlantic Coast Conference, pleasantly efficient and pragmatic in casting its swing votes; the Ivies, brooked far in the rear and dismissed by the lot as crazy cousins; and the South-



STEPHEN HORN PORTRAYED ROBIN HOOD



CHUCK NEIMAS PLAYED JOHN C. CALHOUN

eastern Conference, strangely quiet, even voiceless.

The convention was composed of groups of genial men of disparate self-interest. Compromise, if not the lowest common denominator, had to be pandered to or nothing would have been achieved. Sanity seemed to reside only among the extremists. They were Horn of Long Beach and his lonesome band on the left, and the stalwart Big Eight platoon on the right. Both groups were the heavy losers at the convention, although only the Big Eight really had anything to lose.

Fuaciously called Robin Hood for his proposal that the NCAA distribute its TV revenues among all football schools, and labeled "a Socialist and Communist" by his Establishment colleagues in less jovial moments, Horn actually resembled a Republican Che Guevara. Sallow and hunched as he walked to the microphone, barbed and expressive once he spoke, he kept referring to the prevailing NCAA philosophy as "Football *über Alles*." He departed bloody but unbowed, although his plan to limit football squads to (exactly) 65 drew minuscule support, and his TV idea never got off the bench. Horn characterized the convention as a "warmup skirmish" and plans to assemble a phalanx of college presidents for St. Louis.

At the other end of the spectrum was the Big Eight, which fought valiantly at Chicago to preserve the status quo. The Big Eight states have small populations and their schools must spend heavily to attract players from such places as the populous Big Ten states, Texas and California. Feeling beaten on the primary issue of economy, the Big Eight loosed a states' rights rhetoric that was vintage Strom Thurmond, if not, indeed, John C. Calhoun. Cries for conference "autonomy" and charges of NCAA "creeping federalism" filled the hot air.

The Big Eight began its defense in advance of the regular sessions, co-hosting with the SEC a rump meeting of big powers the night before the convention started, but it obtained little support once the balloting began. The crux of the Big Eight's problem is that it is not as diversified as other leagues. It realizes more than 80% of its athletic income from

football; no doubt Hershey, Pa. would be just as hungry if nationwide chocolate economies were enacted.

The Big Eight commissioner and Mr. Football *über Alles*, Chuck Neimas, was as harsh in substance, if not in tone, as Horn. "The NCAA is becoming a quasi-federal regulatory agency," he said. "It is eliminating conference options, proceeding with emotionalism in the name of economy. A lot of this legislation has never even been researched."

Those who found favor with the changes believe—or at least hope—that the reductions will produce more competitive equality. But Neimas and a few others think the opposite will happen. "What is being created is a freeze," he said. "The legislation will not hurt Nebraska and Oklahoma in my conference, any more than it will hurt Michigan or Notre Dame. But it will prohibit schools from improving their programs. They've legislated away hope."

J. D. Morgan, the athletic director at powerful UCLA, volunteered the same conclusion. "It doesn't make the least difference what restrictions go through here. Every time they put in a new rule it hurts the schools in the lower-population areas and helps schools like UCLA or USC."

If Horn's TV proposals had passed, a number of the Big Football schools would have pulled out of the NCAA. "And perhaps," he said, "that might be a good thing." Meanwhile, the Big Eight and others of its persuasion want to continue playing Big Football, to suit up legions of recruits without smaller schools butting into their business. To this end, there were numerous appeals from the floor that only those colleges concerned with an issue vote on it. Thus, men such as Horn and Neimas have come around opposite sides of the issue to a meeting of the minds. The NCAA is indeed football above all. Over the long run, the only way for it to survive—economically, administratively and morally—is for the members to acknowledge this reality and figure out a way to isolate Big Football from the rest of the NCAA's concerns, yet keep it in the association. Until then, two things will continue to be damaged: one is football and the other is all the other sports.

ENO

55,500 clams for Bonefish

Prepping for the Hambletonian, Stanley Dancer and Bonefish won the Empire at Syracuse to provide his new granddaughter with a dowry

About a billion years from now some archaeologist-sportswriter on a fellowship from Plato will be digging with his laser-beam shovel around New Egypt, N.J., and happen upon the ruins of a harness track. He will write a best-seller about the discovery and title it "The Chariots of the Dancers."

Stanley Dancer and his wife Rachel still like to call themselves "farming kids," a modest reference to the days when they did not have a trough to drink out of. Now their estate and training plant down among the farms of southern New Jersey has a few extras besides indoor plumbing, things like a heated swimming pool and a sauna in the guest house. Stanley Dancer, 48, has reined more winning sulkies than Charlton Heston, and his schedule would give Henry Kissinger's travel agent writer's cramp. He has created a new class of millionaire for his owners: the bride rich.

Well, the rich get richer. Last week Dancer was at Syracuse, N.Y. for the \$111,000 Empire State Trot. He had two

horses—and two favorites—in the race on Saturday: Bonefish, a colt so good that Dancer is loath to let him get his shoes muddy on a racetrack, and highly regarded Surefire Hanover, driven by his 26-year-old son Ronnie. His entry finished one-two, with Bonefish taking the first-place money of \$55,500.

The race was a prelude to The Hambletonian, the big trot to be held in the rustic town of Du Quoin, Ill., on Aug. 30. Seven of the eight horses entered at Syracuse were eligible for the Hambo, an event Dancer has appeared in 13 times and won twice.

Racing is so much a part of Dancer's life that he never has had time for tennis or golf, shuns movies, and revels in a relentless schedule. Last week he left a wake of public-address pages and telephone messages wherever he went, which at 11:30 p.m. Friday was to his barn to make sure a watchman was on the job. Next week, in Indianapolis, he plans to be on the track every morning at 3 a.m., training horses. He used to flit about

the country in his private plane, but last winter he spent over four shivering hours in the air, struggling to extend the aircraft's jammed landing gear. Once he got it down, he left it that way and sold the plane.

Actually, Dancer had one other thing on his mind last week. His daughter Susan was in the hospital having her first child, which the horseman took as a good omen. He always raced well when his wife was in the delivery room starting gate. In fact, he learned of the birth of his son Stanley 16 years ago when Yonkers Raceway flashed the message on its tote board. This would be the Dancers' second grandchild. His first was the son of his daughter-in-law Brenda, and he gave little Ronnie the \$1,200 he won on the day of his birth. "Hmmm," mused Stanley Friday night. "Maybe Susan should hold off until tomorrow. She might do a lot better."

Dancer was in a waggish mood because of Bonefish. He thinks the horse might be his best trotter ever. He recently sold the colt to Castleton Farm for \$1 million, the fifth time he had sold a horse for a million dollars or more. None of the five cost more than \$27,000 as yearlings.

Early in the year Dancer kept Bonefish in the barn and raced his stablemate to a victory in the Yonkers Trot, one of Surefire's six stakes victories this season. Dancer did not want to race Bonefish on a half-mile track. He felt a course like the fast mile at Syracuse better suited his valuable property while prepping for the mile track at Du Quoin.

When Bonefish first raced on June 20 at Brandywine he got into a traffic jam and broke stride. Since then he had won four straight races, all but one in two minutes or better, and Dancer warmed him up for the Empire Trot by working him in 1:59.4 at the fargrounds a week before the big race.

This was the inaugural for the Empire, an event its promoters hope will grow to a \$175,000 purse within two years. It was born out of frustration. In 1970 and 1973 Dr. Harry Zweig, president of the Harness Horse Breeders of New York State, bid to have the Hambletonian moved to Syracuse, but he was rebuffed. The 1926 and 1928 Hambos were raced at Syracuse, and since New York has more harness horses racing than any state except Ohio, its breeders

BONEFISH STREAKS HOME WITH STABLEMATE SUREFIRE HANOVER 3 1/4 LENGTHS BEHIND



were eager to have it return. Though the bids failed, a new \$2 million grandstand was erected and the Empire Trot was scheduled to help fill it.

The race figured to produce some sensational performances because the Syracuse track surface was fast—so fast that the timers were shaking their stopwatches and holding them up to their ears after some races. On the opening day of the meet, a 4-year-old pacer named Sly Atorney turned in a 1:54.4, and on Friday Silk Stockings, the 3-year-old filly sensation, paced a mile in 1:55.2. The only trouble is that the track is not all-weather and if it rained the race would be held, but without the ever-cautious Dancer, who was not about to risk Bonefish on a slippery surface.

Before the race a lot of people were talking as if Bonefish were just another horse in front of a cart. Billy Haughton, the driver of Glasgow, said he thought his horse could win, though Surefire Hanover had beaten him in five of seven meetings this season. And Joseph Cowden of Medina, Ohio, the owner of little-known Excellent Tad, pulled up to the race secretary's office early in the week to discover that he had drawn the eighth pole position, just on the outside of Bonefish in No. 7. Someone mentioned that Excellent Tad might do well to follow Bonefish and hope for second or third money. "Follow?" snorted Cowden. "Let him follow me!"

The eight-horse field included most of the season's top trotters, with the exception of Del Miller's Songflori. On race day Stanley Dancer learned that his daughter had given birth to a girl. Then he went racing for her dowry, and a bit more.

At the start, Bonefish made a bid for the lead and for a few moments Haughton and Glasgow tried to hold him off, but by the quarter pole Dancer had his horse in front. Glasgow was second with Ronnie Dancer and Surefire Hanover up the track in seventh. In the backstretch Surefire Hanover moved through traffic to edge in behind Bonefish by the three-quarters pole. That was the way they finished, Bonefish on top by 2½ lengths in 1:58.1, Surefire Hanover next and Fashion Blaze another half-length behind. Glasgow finished seventh. Excellent Tad followed Bonefish all right, but not closely enough. He finished last. The Dancers had waltzed in again.

END



ANYONE IN JACK DANIEL'S HOLLOW could tell you this photo was snapped around 2:30 in the afternoon.

That's Harry Norman carrying his tasting tray to the mellowing room to sample some just-distilled whiskey. (He normally makes this trip at 2:30.) Frank Bobo has his mash tubs bubbling and, we'll bet, is hunting up his afternoon's Coca-Cola. Up beneath the silos, that's our miller tidying up from the two o'clock delivery of grain. You see, most things don't change too much in Jack Daniel's Hollow. And happily, Jack Daniel's Whiskey doesn't change at all.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP
BY DROP

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Britannia rules these waves

Hearts of oak and doughty boats sailed away with the Admiral's Cup

The winner is a loser. In the first hour of darkness of the warm August night the black lean shadow of *Charisma* came sliding into Millbay Dock in Plymouth, England, on her motor, tall sails collapsed on deck. Minutes earlier she had crossed the line off Plymouth Hoe, the first of the Admiral's Cup yachts to finish the Fastnet race, and although her teammate *Tenacious* would be alongside shortly, it would be two hours before Italy's *Mandake* joined the two U.S. boats at the quay.

But there was no exultation. For *Charisma* and *Tenacious*, both big boats, a couple of hours' lead was all too little. Under the acid-yellow dock lights crewmen tumbled their duffels ashore and swore at the sou'westerly breeze that was still freshening, blowing smaller, more lightly handicapped yachts into Plymouth. The skipper of *Tenacious*, Ted Turner, sniffed at it. "I don't think we'll get the break," he said. He sensed correctly that the wind was not going to die and leave the rest of the fleet to drift slowly in on the tide.

"So there you go," said Dennis Conner, the sailing master of *Charisma*. He had already cut his losses. Others found it harder to be philosophic. Mrs. Ann Marshall, for example, who crewed aboard *Charisma* on the 4½-day, 605-mile haul from Cowes, Isle of Wight, to the Fastnet Rock off the coast of County Cork and back again to Plymouth. "You work so hard," she said, voicing what the men were reluctant to say.



BRITAIN'S TOUGH LITTLE YEOMAN XX, CLAWING UP TO WINDWARD, TIED FOR SECOND

"You work so awfully hard, and then you come out a loser. . . ."

That was last week. Almost two weeks earlier she had looked a lot happier, putting in a bulk order for four dozen serious-sized currant buns at Ruth's Bakery in the main street of Cowes, a midmorning snack for *Charisma's* crew. That was on the eve of the first race in the Admiral's Cup series in which the U.S. entered the most powerful team it has ever assembled for the most prestigious of ocean-racing contests. Albert G. Van Metre, the nonsailing captain, spoke of the U.S. might:

"We've got Ted Hood on *Robbin*, right? A lot of people would say he's the best sailor in the world. He's just won this year's transatlantic race. There's Dennis Conner on *Charisma*, the best helmsman in the America's Cup. Ted Turner on *Tenacious*, who won every race in his class in last winter's SORC. Conner and Turner aren't trying to beat each other's brains out as they usually do. They are cooperating. This is the most important competition in the world for cruising boats, and this is the best team we've ever sent."

The Admiral's Cup was first staged in

1957 in an attempt to revive the failing fortunes of yachting at Cowes, the little Isle of Wight resort where Czar Nicholas II of Russia once anchored his yacht and the portly figure of King Edward VII footed it lightly at the Royal Yacht Squadron ball. (This year, well in tradition, a Brazilian gentleman challenged the secretary of the RYS to a duel to the death after he and a group including his chum, Don Juan of Spain, were turned away from the ball.) The object was to encourage overseas yachtmen to race in English waters, and it was achieved almost from the start. In that first year just Britain and the U.S. competed. This month 19 national teams, each with three yachts, gathered at Cowes. Along with the U.S., which won in 1961 and 1969 (the cup is biennial), Britain (five wins), Australia (winner in 1967) and Germany (winner of the last Admiral's Cup in 1973) were favored. London bookie William Hill was offering 3 to 1 on Britain and Germany and 6 to 1 on Australia and the Americans.

The Admiral's Cup consists of a minimum of four races. The first was the Channel Race, approximately 225 nautical miles down to Cherbourg on the French

coast and back to Cowes. Then came two 30-mile inshore races in the Solent, a whirligig of tides between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. And finally there was the Fastnet. Points scored in the Channel Race are doubled, those in the Fastnet trebled, and in most years you can see why. The Fastnet is called "the Grand National of sailing." As in that famous steeplechase, the hazards usually are diabolical. Tearing sou'westers are the rule. You beat into them down-Channel and out past the Lizard, Land's End and the Scilly Isles. And once you've rounded the Fastnet Rock, off the Cork coast, you hurtle back in front of them, in seas that can be mountainous. The archetypal Fastnet image is of Australia's *Royals* surfing home in 1971 before a 40-knot gale, broaching crazily with her spinnaker still flying while others in the fleet had prudently gone to poled-out headsails.

It didn't happen this August. England sweltered under a windless heat wave. During Cowes Week, with temperatures in the 90s, the little town was hotter than Casablanca. It looked bad for the Channel Race, especially for the U.S. with its two big boats—*Charisma* and *Tenacious*—carrying heavy handicaps and less able to cope with light airs than the smaller German and British yachts. But there was more breeze in the Channel than forecast, and though the British yacht *Norjema* was overall winner on corrected time, U.S. boats took third, fourth and 23rd places and led the Admiral's Cup fleet on points with 292, six ahead of the Germans.

"It was a beautiful, beautiful race," exulted Jesse Philips, owner of fourth-place *Charisma*, but Ted Turner, aboard 23rd-place *Tenacious*, was less euphoric. "We could have done better," he said. "That damned *Norjema*. These are the world's best sailors with the world's best boats. Maybe the Germans have the best boats, but man for man, as sailors, I worry about the British." Turner's words would prove to be prophetic.

Next morning, though the schedule indicated a free day and both had come in from the Channel Race at dawn, *Charisma* and *Tenacious* were out practicing. "We got in at 5 a.m.," Turner said. "Hell, we got an hour's sleep. We don't want too much of that. Makes you tired."



AMERICAN CHALLENGER CHARISMA IS GALLOPING HERE, BUT THE WIND FAILED HER

In spite of the ebullient dedication of Turner and his colleagues, things went badly for the Americans after that. The two inshore races were almost windless. After the first the Germans had a four-point lead. By the end of the second the British had displaced them and were 47 points ahead of the U.S. The Germans were now in third because of the disqualification of *Robin*, which collided with New Zealand's *Geranium*. The infamous "hole in the Solent," the breezeless gap on the sheltered side of the island, had made the second race a lottery. "A crap shoot," said Peter Lawson, co-navigator on *Charisma*, "with us on the wrong side of the table."

U.S. morale sank. Jesse Philips was in favor of having the second inshore race resailed but was dissuaded from getting a petition up. He bitterly criticized the starting arrangements and the spectator fleet. "Even the Queen's boat is parked right in the middle of the finish," he said. A *Charisma* crew member was more buoyant. "We're going to kick tails in the Fastnet," he promised. "We're good night fighters."

And with wind to favor the big boats, they could have done that. Yet never

came. "We had only four or five hours' good breeze in the whole race," Dennis Conner said.

So the race was among three magnificently equipped Germans, *Pinta*, *Robin* and *Dniep*, all new designs from the Madison Avenue office of Sparkman and Stephens, and Britain's *Norjema*, *Yeoman XX* and *Bottlecreek*. Ron Amey, *Norjema's* skipper, talked about the simple plan of the British. "In the light weather the Germans were the main threat," he said. "So we just followed them everywhere, and then we got out in front of them."

And so Britain won her sixth Admiral's Cup, defeating Germany by 105 points. *Norjema* was first overall and Britain's *Yeoman XX* tied for second overall with Germany's *Pinta*. In heavy weather, in kicking-tail weather, the outcome might have been different. As it was, *Charisma*, first boat home, slipped to 30th position in the Fastnet on corrected time, *Tenacious* to 13th and *Robin* came in 15th to put the U.S. third overall, 29 points behind Germany. And the Fastnet scored no points at all for its sulky refusal to play up to its traditional diabolical form.

END

They get in your nose and your mouth. You can't eat in the backyard. There's no spray that's effective against them. It's unreal, just unbelievable. For the last two years my wife and I laid out our garden in the backyard and haven't been able to work in it because of them. The garden just went to weeds." As Carroll B. Worcester of Lincoln, Maine details his troubles, you can just imagine the camera pulling back on his weed-choked garden and hear in the background a Moog synthesizer emitting its impending-doom number.

Cut. Cut! We've seen it all before. Nature run amok, harmless creatures turned into monsters through man's meddling with the balance of nature. What is it this time, giant bugs stomping over Tokyo rooftops? Once-mild-mannered runner beans twisting unbearably sendrins around the hand that tends them? Colossal army ants bivouacking in Central Park? No, this time it's real, and Worcester's story doesn't end at 2 a.m. with the playing of the national anthem and the TV screen going flickering gray.

Worcester is the town manager of Lincoln, about 60 miles northeast of Bangor and very close to the big Maine woods. And what's bugging him is a stunted cousin of the notorious Maine blackfly that is making life miserable for natives and, worse, for tourists.

The new fly, as it is called, is at least temporarily categorized as *Simulium nyssa* and is suspected by some scientists to have immigrated to Maine from Alabama. Other scientists believe it has been in Maine all along. The problem arises from the fact that *Simulium nyssa* is subdued and peaceful in hot, humid Alabama, but in Maine's cool climate it has turned vicious and become a pinhead-size version of those highly publicized hybrid Brazilian bees that are expected to appear in the Southwest U.S. in the next few years.

"I'm not sure that this is the

Visit from a small monster

Ornery as a sci-fi creature, a fly is biting its way through Maine

Alabama breed even though they look alike and have the same name," says Dr. Ivan N. McDaniel, associate professor of entomology at the University of Maine, who has been studying the new fly since 1964. McDaniel has found that the new fly is identical with *Simulium nyssa* physically, but he is reluctant to make a positive identification because "they just act differently." About as differently as Godzilla and a newt.

Being overly aggressive isn't the only bad thing about the new fly. The old-fashioned blackfly has long plagued Maine fishermen, but only in May and June. Not so with the new fly. McDaniel has seen it thrive right into November. Apparently it is capable of producing three or four generations a year (all of them biting), whereas the ordinary blackfly is limited to one that bites. Two or three non-biting generations follow. "You've got to have swift-running, cool, pure water—usually from the mountains—to sustain the blackflies that attack man," McDaniel says. "That's why the Adirondacks and the mountains of Maine are good for them."

At present the new fly is contained in a wedge-shaped chunk of Maine running in a broadening northwesterly arc from Jonesport on the coast through Orono just north of Bangor and up to Moosehead Lake. On the less densely populated northern side the fly is found up to the Maine-New Brunswick border. Moreover, every year the new fly claims more territory. "A few years ago we checked the Jackman area [on the Maine-Quebec border] and found none," McDaniel says. "Now there are plenty in that town."

The story is the same along the coast. "We went to the July Fourth celebration in Jonesport last year and there were very few flies," Carroll Worcester says. "This year we went back down again in late spring and there were a lot."

Salmon fishermen may have played a bit part in the new fly's proliferation. Matthew Scott, an aquatic biologist for Maine's Department of Environmental Protection, points out that the new fly's arrival coincided with the installation of antipollution equipment in the paper mills along the Penobscot River, which runs through the heart of the new fly belt. Antipollution measures have been effective to the extent that Atlantic salmon have returned to the once-famed Bangor Salmon Pool on the Penobscot after an absence of almost two decades. They are back in such numbers that the Penobscot Salmon Club has



MAGNIFIED 80 TIMES, THE NEW FLY IS AS NEAR AS IT LOOKS

been renovating its clubhouse, which has stood idle for many years. "We've spent millions to clean up the Penobscot and bring back the Atlantics," Scott says. "I don't think it's much of a trade to let all that go by the board just because people are being bitten more by flies."

So far, no one in Maine has gone to the extreme of suggesting that the rivers be repolluted to slow down the flies, but tourism is the state's second-ranking industry, accounting for \$500 million annually, and the new fly's arrival on top of a nationwide recession threatens to become more than a pain in the neck—or arms, or any other exposed part of the body where the mean-tempered midgets decide to take a nip. In Lincoln, a number of schoolboys at football practice were bitten so severely that they had to be taken to the hospital for treatment.

For the time being, the state is proceeding with extreme caution. Earlier this year Worcester circulated a petition around Lincoln asking that steps be taken to curb the new fly. In 10 days 600 names were collected in the community of 5,000 located on the banks of the Penobscot. "I'd have no trouble getting another 600," Worcester says. "In any community where these things have come in, I'm sure almost everyone would sign a petition like this."

In May, municipal officers from many towns in the new fly belt established a Blackfly Control Committee. State officials were invited to a meeting, an eventful one as it turned out. "We heard that some of the state people had been saying we didn't really have a problem," Worcester says. "Well, our meeting migrated from the Lincoln town office to Enfield, just south of us on the Penobscot, where we met outdoors. Now I have seen the new flies in stronger force, but there were enough of them to prove the point that day. Those state people had to bat them off. Most of them finally pushed their pants legs right down into their stockings to keep those flies from biting their legs. By the time it was over, they were willing to admit that we certainly have a problem."

"But those state people still seem more concerned about the salmon in the Penobscot. People have a right to live, too. Up here if you don't snowmobile in the winter, all you have for enjoyment is the summer, when you can picnic, garden and go to the beaches. Now, we can't even do that. The State Department of

continued

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Environmental Protection has been strong against all kinds of air pollution. Isn't that what these new flies are?"

There's a good reason for the state's caution in moving against the new flies. You could call it the methoxychlor vs Abate debate, and it's part of an international squabble regarding insecticides. Methoxychlor was invented by Du Pont, although the patent has now run out; it is a chlorinated hydrocarbon, of the same family as DDT but not as long-lived. Abate, made by American Cyanamid, is an organophosphate, slightly more precise in its choice of victims and not nearly as long-lived as methoxychlor. Donald F. Mairs, who supervises Maine's Board of Pesticides Control, notes that "the World Health Organization has shifted from methoxychlor to Abate in the Volta River Basin of western Africa, where the blackfly spreads river blindness.

"Abate, mixed in a dry micropulverized formula, may be the safest larvicide. When the granules are spread on rivers

and streams, they sink and bump along the bottom to be eaten by filter-feeding larvae, like those of the blackfly. A few other filter feeders, including some caddisfly larvae, would probably also be hit. But the bulk of insect life would survive. People at the Canadian Freshwater Institute in Winnipeg have warned me about methoxychlor. But there is a split up there, with the department of agriculture backing methoxychlor on the grounds that it is a little cheaper and has been very effective."

Howard Dean, an associate aquatic biologist for New York's Department of Environmental Conservation, has reservations about methoxychlor. After using it for a decade, New York scientists have found that it reduces many other larvae besides those of the blackfly, particularly larvae that fish feed on, or those which mature into insects that fish eat. DEC is studying the possibility that methoxychlor has adversely affected the growth and stamina of salmon and trout. For example, methoxychlor has stone flies

and mayflies, which hurt nothing and are fine fish food.

Dr. Ronald Wallace of Canada's department of environment, who has been studying both chemicals for years, advises Maine officials to wait a couple of years before using any pesticide. Dr. Wallace theorizes that when polluted areas are cleaned up, aggressive species tend to dominate temporarily. He believes that in time the natural growth of other competitive and predatory invertebrates will reduce or moderate the blackfly population explosion.

While Maine officials debated, two towns in the new fly belt—Orono and Old Town—applied to the pesticides board for permission to experiment with methoxychlor against the new flies in a 100-square-mile area. The man who drew up the application was McDaniel. "There's no question that Dr. McDaniel is one of the world's leading authorities on blackflies and mosquitoes," Scott says, "but I'd have to question how knowledgeable he is in the field

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of insecticides to control the flies."

Because of some errors and omissions in the application presented to Don Mairs' pesticides board, state officials were able to summarily reject it.

Subsequently, the town of Dover-Foxcroft submitted a similar application, also prepared by McDaniel but with two notable revisions. First, it called for the use of either Abate or methoxychlor and, second, the experimental area was reduced to approximately four square miles. The Dover-Foxcroft application was shelved.

"Ideally, I'd like to see one square mile for experimentation with Abate," Scott says, "with a separate control area of equal size. But I certainly do not want the Penobscot River used as the site of the experiment. There's too much to lose if things go wrong."

Says Don Mairs, "The matter is certainly contentious enough. It's a classic conflict between the environmentalists and those whose economic interests would be maintained, or enhanced, through control of the environment. I get calls from people in the tourist business complaining about the new flies. The town managers are representing those economic interests in their communities. But the pesticides board is a quasi-judicial body. As a result, the main thing I'm looking for is a well-designed experiment that we can approve."

The road to approval of any plan to control the new fly has had a new detour built into it. Recently the Attorney General of Maine ruled that not only would a permit from the pesticides board be required before any action could be taken, but an additional approval would have to come in the form of a waste-discharge permit granted by the Board of Environmental Protection.

Along with the flies that are keeping him from his gardening, the Kafkaesque bureaucracy surrounding the new fly issue is getting to people like Town Manager Worcester. "I'm telling you what I'm afraid of," he says. "If the state government or the Federal Government, or the communities involved don't take any action against the new fly, people are going to do it themselves. The public knows that there is something that can be thrown in the river or sprayed on it that will get rid of them. But if they start putting insecticide into the streams on their own, you'll have fish-kills like you never had before."

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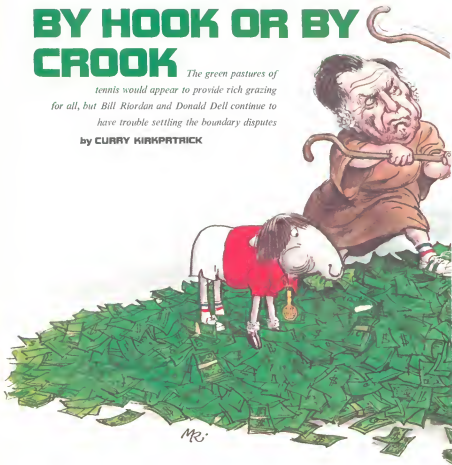
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BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

The green pastures of tennis would appear to provide rich grazing for all, but Bill Riordan and Donald Dell continue to have trouble settling the boundary disputes

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**





There is no telling exactly when the game of tennis came in off the lawn, shed its prissy white pants and gave itself over to the real world of politics, litigiousness and Charlton Heston playing the Cookie Monster an eight-game pro set challenge match on universewide tape delay from the rings of Saturn. The fact is that the turning point in tennis was as well hidden as those in more prosaic areas—dat old debbil fuel crisis, for instance. Nobody saw it, and nobody cared.

Well, almost nobody. Surely two people knew, two men of vision and idealism, two men with lofty goals, the zest for power and a mutual inclination to take the bull by the horns in their own inimitable styles. That Bill Riordan, sitting in a dress shop in Salisbury, Md., and Donald Dell, commanding his law offices down the road in Washington, did not see fit to combine forces and lead tennis into the promised land was the most grievous hurt to afflict the sport since the Barkowitizes—Peaches and Plums—failed in the big time. Instead, Riordan and Dell have proceeded to fight and bite.

continued

Riordan and Dell do their things from the position of "tennis manager." Sometimes they are referred to as "player representatives" or "agents." But don't be caught calling Dell an agent, because he is a lawyer, and he will get you. Riordan says he doesn't care what you call him—he isn't a lawyer—but he might get you, anyway. The two men are not in exactly the same position as, say, Mark McCormack, who owns Arnold Palmer, Cleveland, the Rock of Gibraltar and probably you and me. But they are somewhere in that vicinity.

Dell represents just about every living, breathing American tennis player from eight to 80 who can put a ball over a net. When he was captain of the Davis Cup team in the late 1960s, Arthur Ashe said, "Having Donald Dell captain is a special feeling, like having John Kennedy president." In his new book *Portrait in Motion* with Frank Deford, Ashe says, "There are two people in my life I would trust with my life: my father and Donald Dell."

Riordan, on the other hand, represents only the semi-adorable James Scott Connors, who can also play a little.

So that is who Donald Dell and Bill Riordan are.

At present Riordan, in the name of Connors as front man, is suing Dell, Jack Kramer, who is the executive director of the Association of Tennis Professionals, and Commercial Union Assurance Company for \$10 million in Federal Court in New York for alleged violations of antitrust laws: i.e., keeping Connors out of the 1974 French Open. On his part Kramer has filed a \$3-million suit in Federal Court in Indianapolis against Connors and Riordan for libel. That suit specifically cites letters and articles in which Riordan is quoted as charging Kramer with "lining his pockets" with appearance money for ATP players and characterizing Kramer and Dell as "piranhas who have attempted to monopolize the game."

Not to be outdistanced, Riordan is now countersuing for libel. Surely, too, he is behind still another suit, the \$5 million number Connors filed against Ashe on the eve of Wimbledon, accusing him of "maliciously" Connors in a letter to the ATP membership.

Riordan says, "The ATP stands for bans, boycotts and baloney. They are suing me for calling Kramer a piranha, which is nothing but a small fish. His ATP cronies get away with calling me a nihilist. Throughout history monopolists have labeled populists as nihilists while their leaders danced on the grave of Marie Antoinette. Get that down, kid. That's an original. These men are frauds and purveyors of distaste. Kramer? He only centers the ball. Dell is the quarterback. I'm going to expose them for the charlatans they are. And another thing. Dell deals in darkness. You got to like that one."

Dell, who says he will not waste his time countering "spurious charges," seldom is quoted on the subject of Riordan. However, he recently used what he calls "Riordan rhetoric" to deplore the tactics of "this apostle of hate."

Said Dell, "It frustrates me that everything good I've worked for in tennis over the years is being poisoned, defiled, ruined by Riordan. When you're somebody, you don't have to let everybody know about it, but Riordan is a nobody. It's a fluke that anybody even knows his name. I'll

tell you one thing—I don't lie awake nights thinking of Bill Riordan. I don't waste my time. I never think about him the way he does about us.

"Connors is always announcing that he wants to settle the lawsuit. He claims it's hurting the game he loves, that he just wants to get on with playing tennis. Is he forgetting that he sued? He's the plaintiff. All he has to do is pick up the phone to get this over with. But, no, we all know who's behind this one: Riordan. This guy is a gutter fighter, and there's no way I am climbing down to his level."

On the wall of Donald Dell's law office at Dell, Craighill, Fentress & Benton, a few blocks from the White House, there is a small painting framed in elegant wood and hung higher than any other picture in the room. Higher than a photograph of Dell's twin 2-year-old daughters. Higher than the lithographs of his schools, Yale and the University of Virginia Law School. Higher, even, than an autographed family picture of his mentor and a former candidate for Vice-President of the United States, Sargent Shriver.

The painting is signed by Carol Osche, a striking blonde Pan American stewardess before she married Dell. It is a painting of the Davis Cup.

For nearly 15 years now there has scarcely been a time when the name of Donald Dell was not associated with the Davis Cup. He was a member of the team in 1961, '62 and '63 during his peak years as a player. In 1968, just after serving as an advance man in Robert Kennedy's presidential campaign, he accepted the position of captain and led a rejuvenated U.S. side to back-to-back victories after a four-year losing streak—a streak that had been lengthening since he left the team.

Dell resigned under fire following the 1969 cup matches. Open tennis was the new wave then. Dell envisioned his



bellwethers, Arthur Ashe and Stan Smith, as "the Palmer and Nicklaus of tennis in the '70s" and himself as their business representative. Having taken the Davis Cup team around the country, demanding that the players be paid prize money rather than under-the-table guarantees, Dell knew he was becoming "too commercial" for the USLTA.

Dell always insisted that he desired only to "maximize" himself in the Davis Cup captaincy. To get into it and do the best job he could in turning the team around. To win, and then get out. He never wanted a kingdom, or even a rose garden. And when USLTA President Alastair Martin told Dell he was undergoing terrific pressure to unload him, Dell said that was O.K., too. "I'll resign quietly," he told Martin. "But just remember one thing. I'm going to be in professional tennis a long time after they've forgotten how to spell your first name."

In his New Frontier days Dell had assisted Robert Kennedy in his 1966 campaign for Democratic office seekers in the Midwest, inevitably teaching and competing with the Senator on the tennis court. Of his weekends at Hyannisport Dell once said, "It was unbelievable. Everyone there was a General Gavin or a William Styron or a Lillian Hellman. I just sat in corners and sucked my thumb."

But critics have suggested that Dell took more out of Camelot than a merit badge in celebrity gazing; he has been accused of Kennedy-inspired "steamroller tactics," of "ruthlessness" toward those who crossed him or his clients.

Moreover, there are many people in tennis—and not just Bill Riordan and Jimmy Connors—who contend that Dell never left the Davis Cup team. His legacy was his own coach, Dennis Ralston, who became captain and won three more cups on the broad back of Smith before the rules were changed and the International Lawn Tennis Federation let everybody play. "Everybody" turned out to be some Australian chaps named Laver, Rosewall and Newcombe, who beat the U.S. in 1973. Since then, with Connors sitting on his hands and with Ashe not exactly falling over himself to play, the Yankee side has been defeated in successive years by a couple of *señores*, Colombia and Mexico.

The claim that Dell still controls the team is based on the fact that nearly all U.S. Davis Cup personnel are managed by him, including former Captain Ralston. It is hardly Dell's fault that he happens to represent all the best U.S. players with the exception of Connors and Dick Stockton. Still, it is no secret that Connors' refusal to compete in cup play is as much a result of the Riordan-Dell fallout as it is an outgrowth of Connors' much-publicized pique at Ralston.

That messy business began in 1972 in Jamaica during a cup match against the British Caribbean team when Connors was passed over for one of the two starting singles spots in favor of Tom Gorman and Erik van Dillen, a pair of Dell stablehands. Connors had outplayed both men on the indoor circuit, but was experiencing problems in Kingston when Ralston named his team. Insiders admit the existence of a personality clash between Ralston and Connors, and that the captain considered the 19-year-old a "loudmouthed spoiled brat."

After the U.S. had clinched the match 3-0 Connors was scheduled to play singles on the final day, when he sud-



denly left Jamaica because of the death of his grandmother. He has never returned to the Davis Cup team.

Later that spring the U.S. met Mexico in the next round. Connors had a plane ticket paid for by the USLTA to join the squad in Mexico City, but he never showed, choosing instead to go to England and practice on the grass for Wimbledon. The following year he volunteered his services to the team for the final round, but was turned down by Ralston.

In 1974 tempers simmered. Ralston claims that before cup play that season he tried to phone Connors on three occasions but was not allowed to speak to him. Riordan says J. Harcourt Woods, the chairman of the USLTA Davis Cup committee, contacted him about the possibility of Connors playing. According to Riordan, Woods said the team did not need Connors against Mexico, but could use him in the following round against South Africa.

After Mexico's upset victory in Palm Springs, on the same day Connors was defeating Laver in his first challenge match, Woods called Connors "unpatriotic."

Riordan has made Dell a plotter in all of this. Yet Dell says he never fully agreed with Ralston in his handling of Connors. "When I was captain, I wanted to win above anything," Dell says. "I would make Jimmy Connors' mother my manager if that's what it took to get him to play. In 1973 Laver and Newcombe didn't join the Australian team until the last match, and I'm not sure I wouldn't have brought in Connors if he sincerely wanted to play. But Dennis is a strong-willed individual, and when he makes up his mind, that's it."

Some think the Dell-Riordan quarrel affected the composition of this year's cup team. For example, why wasn't young Vitas Gerulaitis, a Riordan man, chosen for the team after he destroyed the Mexican star, Raul Ramirez, at the Philadelphia Indoors three weeks before Ramirez wiped out the U.S. team?

cont/cont

Ashe, for the defense, says no man should be picked for the squad on the basis of one match. Yet Ralston picked Stockton (also a non-Dellman, remember), and then played him in the key doubles with Bob Lutz on the basis of no matches. Both Lutz and Stockton are backhand side players in doubles and had never competed together. They blew a big lead in losing. So what price Stockton? It is a measure of the deep-seated feelings in both camps that a rumor persists that Stockton was selected only to pacify the anti-Dell faction.

"My feelings must have really been torn," says Dell, who has become cynical rather than angry about the entire affair. "Ramirez, my Mexican guy, against all my U.S. guys. Who do I root for?"

The new Davis Cup captain, Tony Trabert, is not known as a "Dell guy." But neither is he the bosom buddy of Connors (read Riordan). To be sure, Riordan claims he got Trabert the job doing the TV commentary of the Connors-Newcombe challenge match only to have to listen to criticism of his client. Riordan has said, "Tony sometimes talks like a man who has lost touch with reality." Nor did Connors take kindly to some of Trabert's remarks on the telecast, and this may be another reason for absenting himself from the team. The blatant goes on.

Because he has so many Establishment credentials it is easy to lose sight of the fact that Dell, like his nemesis Riordan, has been a maverick for most of his 37 years. In addition, though it must be distasteful to both, their spat has resulted in their becoming solidly entwined—like Fric and Frac—in the public domain.

Bad Collins, the barefoot Boston bard of the tennis media and a friend of both, recalls the time a few winters ago when Dell was struck by an auto in London and hospitalized with an injured leg. "I sent a telegram to Donald," says Collins, "which read, 'Who was driving, Riordan?' Then I realized that it couldn't have been Bill, of course. He'd have been more thorough."

At Yale, says a man who knew him there, Dell was never *la*. To many, he was hostile and arrogant, probably a result of his competitiveness on the tennis court. At 15 he had been a phenomenon out of Bethesda, Md., the national boys' champion, but never again would he dominate on any level.

Out on the tour in the summer of 1964, Dell stayed in Portugal and skipped a domestic tournament. In those days the USLTA controlled a player's life, permitting him only one week in Europe after Wimbledon. Dell was suspended and prohibited from taking any expense money for two years. But he got a lawyer and threatened to expose the system of fake amateurism and under-the-table payoffs. The USLTA backed down.

"I was the brash, arrogant bad boy," Dell says, "but the whole system was so damn phony, I vowed to try and change it. Players had to earn their rights sometime."

That time came in 1973, when the ATP became the first players' organization to hold together during an important crunch. After the Yugoslavian association in effect demanded the head of Nikkī Pilic and suspended him for nine months, Wimbledon went along with the suspension, thus

precipitating a boycott by the ATP. Dell, its legal counsel, held the ATP in line by cable and transatlantic calls during the struggle at the precipice, and 89 of 92 players signed letters of withdrawal from the tournament. At some point it must have flashed across Dell's vision that Nikkī Pilic of Split, down there pounding at the gates of Wimbledon, was Donald Dell of Bethesda, pacing the anterooms of the USLTA just 10 years before.

As business representative for Ashe, Dell signed him up with the Head racket company in what is perhaps the richest deal in the history of tennis. Shortly thereafter Dell brought Ashe and WCT together in another whopper of a contract calling for more than three-quarters of a million dollars. Laver and Newcombe, among other Australians, are embittered because Ashe has continued to outpoint them in visibility and in money while consistently being beaten by them on the court. And Dell sympathizes with the Australians, saying that such contracts do tend to "spoil incentive."

Since he was counsel for ATP and present at its creation, Dell must have taken part in the drafting of that body's original constitution, which forbade personal contracts for guaranteed income, permitting participation only in prize-money tournaments. But at this same time Dell was said to have been negotiating World Team Tennis contracts for several of his clients. Today 10 of his men are WTT players, but Dell was also a party to the agreement that prohibited Connors from competing in the 1974 French Open because he was a WTT player.

Dell is also the major licensing agent for ATP, in which capacity, evidence suggests, his intentions have always been honorable. Instead of working solely for his own clients, he has been serving the entire organization. An American Airlines-sponsored tournament in Tucson might have started out as a Dell all-stars contest, but it has ended up as a \$200,000 tournament for the whole ATP.

In addition, the ATP official ball contract was made with Spalding, which didn't exactly make Executive Director Jack Kramer and Dell's own Stan Smith popular with their employer, Wilson Sporting Goods. The deal, however, provided further evidence of Dell's fairness.

As tournament promoter, TV announcer, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, butcher, baker and candlestick maker, Dell is the unquestioned heavyweight king of conflicts of interest. Can he talk his way out of that one? You bet.

"Are all of these real conflicts?" Dell says. "Certainly they are. But the issue is disclosure. Are the conflicts disclosed to all parties? Yes, they are. Everyone in tennis who is doing anything has conflicts of interest. If they didn't, they wouldn't know what was going on. But they should be judged on disclosure and performance. If I was a crook, I'd be out on my tail from any of these jobs. If I didn't perform, I'd be out."

"At every ATP board meeting I lay everything on the line. Am I fair in serving two masters, the ATP and my own players? If I'm not, they should fire me."

"I bend over backward, like Caesar's wife, to support the ATP. On TV I don't hide the fact that I manage players. I'm proud of my players because of what they stand for and

continues

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what they help me stand for. My name and integrity are worth more than any single deal we can make for anybody. If my guys ever foul up on a contract or commitment, they're on the carpet. Remember this one thing, and don't forget it: I represent the nicest and most honorable guys in the game today, and that's no accident."

It was in the spring of 1972 that 51-year-old Bill Riordan officially came together with 19-year-old Jimmy Connors. This was no accident—remember, the nicest and most honorable guys in the game today were already spoken for.

One imagines the occasion being featured by sparks and little cherry bombs going off inside their brain cells. But, probably, Riordan just walked up to the infant prodigy and offered him a lollipop. It could have been love at first sight.

Over and over again Riordan is questioned about how this marriage of convenience and chaos came to be, and always the litany of meeting and melding is rendered in the same way. A shrug, a smile, then a sigh.

Thankfully omitting "Once upon a time," Riordan begins almost wearily. "The story is already so famous," he says. "But his mother Gloria and his grandmother Two-Mom said how nice I was, and wouldn't it be great to have a guy like me represent a guy like Jimmy. We're generations apart, as you know, but practically the same person. The only difference is that when I started out, I made the choice between good and evil, and picked good. This kid went the other way."

Riordan's two challenge matches for Connors staged in the Vegas desert were true extravaganzas, and every PR type alive seemed to contribute his wares. Yet Riordan stood alone. Whenever interest sagged, there he was to hype the event with just one more controversy, one more crisis.

His final gimmick, on the morning of the Newcombe match, nearly made Sidney Guthrie, the Caesars Palace director of entertainment, apoplectic. At a breakfast meeting of match officials Riordan burst in and roared, "That's it. It's all over. Connors doesn't go on. We demanded blue towels on the court, not paper towels." The victims should have known Riordan by then, they should

have realized it was only another joke. But they turned stark pale, anyway.

The Jumbo-at-Caesars shots worked twice, but they were mere bagatelles compared to what Riordan did long ago with a dead tournament at the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York.

It was called the National Indoors, and he took it out of the Big Apple and set it down in the Big Chicken, his adopted home of Salisbury on Maryland's Eastern shore. With financial aid provided by the town's chicken industry, Riordan promoted the National Indoors into a major title. In the next few years he originated several other indoor events, taking the game to the bushes—Macon, Ga., Omaha, Birmingham, Roanoke, Va., and singlehandedly he made indoor tennis in this country.

Back then Bill Veecik and Kelso the horse were all anybody cared about on the Eastern shore. Now Frank Perdue, the chicken king from Salisbury, is all over national TV, pushing his juicy hens, and Riordan has Frank over to play tennis. All the chickens have come home to roost in Bill Riordan's backyard.

Irish through and through, Riordan grew up in a large family on Long Island. His father was president of Stern Brothers department stores. Sports were a big part of Bill's early years, especially tennis and boxing. In 1930 his father took Riordan to his first tennis match, the finals at Forest Hills in which Johnny Doeg, a left-hander, beat Frank Shields 16-14 in the fourth set. The 10-year-old was hooked. He has beep to every Forest Hills since, including last year's when another left-hander, this time his own, was the winner.

The senior Riordan's game was prize-fighting. He owned a piece of Jack Delaney, the light-heavyweight champion, and he was a fixture in first row, ringside at Madison Square Garden as well as at all the Catskill training camps, where he often took his son. Some of Bill Riordan's proudest possessions are pictures of himself posing with Max Schmeling, Max Baer and Marcel Cerdan.

Riordan prepped at the Newman School in Lakewood, N.J. (alma mater of F. Scott Fitzgerald, he never hesitates to point out), where he played some tennis and wrote a humor column for the *Newman News*. An admirer of Evelyn Waugh and George S. Kaufman, Riordan

drifted quickly into satire. "Some of my greatest lines came very early," he says.

He worked his way through Georgetown University and began collecting the Damon Runyon characters he loves to emulate, particularly a local bookmaker named Feets. The son of Feets went by the name of Turtle and, in those days, they called Riordan "Willie." He came out of the Army and what he calls "an easy war; I never went overseas," with administrative experience gained as a major in the Supply Corps. Then he went to work in New York in his father's store and climbed up the merchandising ladder. In 1946 he married a pert redhead, a Colorado farm girl named Terry Andersen whom he had met under the Biltmore clock, and they spent five nights a week hitting the spots. In 1950 they lost a baby in a crib death, and six weeks later Riordan's father died. Soon he was drinking heavily and hating New York.

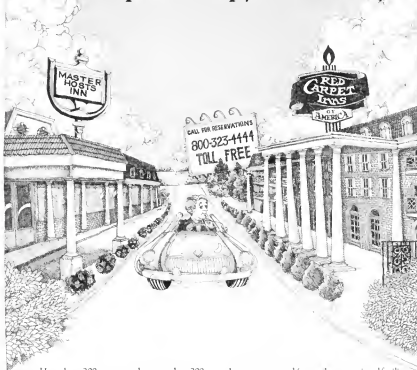
The Riordans moved to Denver, then back East to Salisbury, where they opened a small specialty dress shop. Three years later Riordan was broke and forced into an "intellectual decision. My mother told me there were three types of people who can't drink. The Irish, the Indians and everybody else. I stopped. I had been smoking three packs a day. I quit cold on that, too. I turned the business around."

There were four outdoor courts in Salisbury with grass growing in the cracks when Riordan moved there in 1954. He started a junior development program and jumped into tennis with the vengeance of a man who needed something to replace all those martinis. His program became so large and popular that the local baseball Pony League tried to kill it with a contract clause prohibiting a youngster from engaging in both sports.

Riordan coached the Wicomico High tennis team to a 58-4 record. He organized massive junior tournaments and sent to the state tournament good young players who came back champions. He started invitational eight-man weekend events, and the town became a hotbed of tennis activity for adults as well as children. During this period Riordan founded the Eastern Shore Tennis Association, was active in the Middle Atlantic Lawn Tennis Association (MALTA) and was

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RIRDAN-DELL

elected a delegate to the USLTA in 1964, the same year he brought the National Indiors to Salisbury.

That tournament was a landmark event in more ways than one. Sports Network televised it coast to coast and the announcer did a lengthy interview with Riordan. The announcer was Jack Kramer. A first-round loser in the tournament was Donald Dell.

With MALTA and the new indoor tournaments as his power base, Riordan became the strongest single figure in the USLTA. Certainly he was the smartest, although even then this was not considered that terrific a compliment. At one time he was a member of 11 USLTA committees. His players competed on both the Caribbean circuit and in some of his indoor events and he cemented relations with foreign players, especially South Americans and East Europeans.

"Riordan realized the key was getting close to the players," says Dell. "He was a damn good promoter and always treated everybody well."

In more recent years, however, some foreign stars have complained about Riordan. Ray Moore, the self-professed hippie from South Africa, claims Riordan barred him from the indoor circuit because of his outspoken opinions against U.S. marijuana laws. Patricio Cornejo, a Chilean, accuses Riordan of reneging on an agreement to let him play some U.S. tournaments. Jaime Filliol of Chile and Gerald Battick of England speak of Riordan's carelessness regarding tax withholding money. Most recently Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia says Riordan defaulted on part of a guarantee promised him for appearing on the indoor circuit last winter.

Underneath Riordan's bluster and verbosity, he is a devoted family man—his son is a junior at the University of Utah; a married daughter works in the physics lab at MIT. He is, moreover, a man of sharp intellect and simple tastes, who quotes Shakespeare and O'neen, wears rumpled suits, drives a used Dodge and has an outrageous sense of humor. He once used his own home to stage a fiendish gag on what he considered the uppity social set of Salisbury. This was a fraudulent "musical" to which 300 of the town's finest were invited. Properly wine and primed, the unsuspecting guests then sat in shock as a Riordan

conspirator, posing as "the distinguished pianist from the Peabody School in Baltimore, Dr. Franz Hauptmann," proceeded to play *Jingle Bells* while downing huge slugs from a bottle of Scotch.

Another time Riordan informed Dell, a student at Virginia Law who played Salisbury twice, that a bevy of beauty contestants was staying on the top floor of the players' hotel, but that the sponsoring Jaycees had been assured that there would be no monkey business. After midnight Dell was discovered poking around the attic with a flashlight in a vain search for the fabricated lovelies.

Riordan's most treasured inventions have centered on a fictitious player, Stanley Stampenzak, the great Polish junior champion, about whom he would regale his junior players for hours. Stampenzak was a dangerous sort who would arrive at his matches via Air Warsaw wearing a Nazi war helmet, swig from a thermos of vodka and coldcock anybody who got in his way. Since Stampenzak was always being suspended for terrorizing linesmen and opponents, nobody ever got a glimpse of him, but few are the pros now on the tour who did not fear Stanley in their youth. Brian Gottfried says, "I believed in Stanley for two years. Then I talked to somebody who said he played him in a tournament. The dummy gave me the wrong date."

Not only Dell, but Ashe—the current president of ATP—and most everybody else were friendly with Riordan back then. He was especially gifted in under-the-table handouts and, Ashe remembers, he sometimes rewarded a player who had had a good tournament with extra cash.

"The one picture I have of Riordan," says Ashe, "is him peeling some \$100 bills off his wad, and saying, 'First class, first class' out of the side of his mouth. Other promoters paid you on the sly because it was illegal. Riordan made a show of it, acted like he was granting a favor and never looked you in the eye."

When open tennis reared its head in 1968, Riordan fought it tooth and nail. He was at the zenith of his power, but an open game with players controlling their own destinies would change all that.

In the mid-to-late '60s two tragedies hit the Riordan family. His sister Peggy died from burns after her negligee was set ablaze by a spark from the fireplace

in a cottage in Lake Mahopac, N.Y. and his brother Mike was killed when a mud slide hit his home in Mandeville Canyon, outside Los Angeles.

In this same period Riordan came into tons of money from the stock market when Scientific Data Systems, in which he had substantial holdings, sold out to Xerox. After the windfall, Riordan's first thought was to start drinking again. Instead he elected to plunge into the tennis wars that were threatening to destroy him as an independent promoter. It was right then that Riordan assumed the mysterious profile the public has come to know and love—a stealthy figure lingering in doorways. "This was my 1920s gangster period, my Arnold Rothstein look," Riordan says. "I did a lot of fingering lapels and whispering in ears."

In the midst of his battles with WCT, with the U.S.L.T.A., with Kramer and Dell, each one surpassing the last in sheer audacity, Riordan discovered, nurtured and, in a pact straight out of *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, grabbed a precocious named Jimmy Connors and created one of the most controversial figures on the American sports scene. It was no shell game that Bill Riordan pulled off this time. Like it or not, the game of tennis is going to have him and his star player to kick around a long time.

"We've even taken on Johnny Carson," Riordan said recently. "I announced my guy would not go on the Carson show because of the derogatory things Carson had said, and Jimmy is so sensitive. What does Carson know from anything? Now the guy is so puzzled and mad at Jimmy; you should have seen his face in Vegas. I figure if you're going to go after somebody, go after God. Who else can tell Carson to go to hell and get away with it but Jimmy Connors? That's what promotion is all about."

So the two masterminds of tennis are actually Caesar's wife and Arnold Rothstein. Last summer after Connors had won the national clay courts championship at Indianapolis he was questioned on national television by the PBS announcers, Kramer and Caesar's wife. It was a short and innocuous exchange. But what could one expect? It might have been the first time in TV history that two men conducted an interview with a third who had just sued them for \$10 million. That is what tennis is all about. **END**



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- ☐ Kareem Abdul-Jabbar 6B1</

CROWD REACTIONS

Sir:

Your "Baseball Boom" cover (Aug. 11) was a thing of incredible beauty. I spent an hour studying the amazing cross section of people—men, women and children—united by the common bond of their emotions as they are caught up in the magic of baseball. I found disbelief, concern, consternation, outrage, indignation, exasperation, resentment, anger, etched alike on faces of people who may have little else in common. It isn't so much a big picture as many little pictures. And these are supposed to be people who have become hardened and apathetic thanks to inflation, crime and the evening news. What master of global intensity could evoke them all so? Probably a close play at the plate.

The picture was obviously taken at Fenway Park, where baseball is indeed booming this summer. Thanks for taking me a little closer to it all and also for the best cover you ever printed. I intend to frame it.

JOHN EBY

Dowagiac, Mich.

Sir:

My family thoroughly enjoyed your cover photograph of the baseball crowd by Neil Leifer. We looked at each person in this Norman Rockwell-type scene and found a common "Aw, balderdash!" expression on many faces. Please tell us where this picture was taken and what had just happened.

BOBBY GREEN

Nashville

• Neil Leifer took the cover picture on Wednesday, July 30 at Boston's Fenway Park. Although he was too busy concentrating on the crowd in the stands along the first-base line to pay much attention to what was happening on the field, Leifer feels that this particular shot may have come from the top of the seventh inning, when with two out the Milwaukee Brewers scored two unearned runs to go ahead 3-1. They eventually won the game 6-2. Boston had something to cheer about, however. The crowd of 33,850 raised Red Sox attendance over the million mark—to 1,005,397—on the club's 50th date.—ED.

Sir:

Little did I realize that my short stay in Boston would fulfill a lifetime ambition of

mine to appear on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Now I only hope that the famed SI cover jinx is but a myth.

MARK M. TWOMBLY

Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir:

I feel sorry for those people in Boston. Can you imagine the SI cover jinx falling on 87 of them (I counted) at one time? Those poor people.

MARK RENCH

Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

It was refreshing and heartening to see a game and its fans featured. For once, the reader was able to delve into an article about the essence of a professional sport, the intricate and sensitive interplay between the game and those who come to view it.

Despite some rules changes and innumerable bat, ball, bat, shoe and sock days, baseball remains intact. As your article made clear, there is something eternally fascinating about a sport that defies the present-day ethic of more leagues, more money, more speed, more contact. Baseball lives and grows because we fans live and grow with it.

BRETT ANGEVY

New Canaan, Conn.

Sir:

You managed to run a four-page article on the rise in baseball's popularity because of a "new look" and publicity gimmicks without mentioning the man who is most responsible, Charles O. Finley.

Ten years ago owners and fans alike laughed at his colorful uniforms and gaudy publicity gimmicks. Now other teams are quietly following suit and the fans are coming to the ball park in record numbers. Charles O. has helped to improve baseball.

ROBERT REUTHER

Kernington, Calif.

Sir:

Peter Bavasi says, "The player who says I'll let my bat do the talking is no longer a complete player. If the public loves him, he's got a good argument at contract time. He can say, 'Well, I didn't hit so well, but I did have three fan clubs.'"

That being the case, I don't see why Bavasi doesn't hire Liberace to play center field. I wouldn't expect him to hit very well, but I'm sure he has more than three fan clubs.

CHARLES ALVA HOYE

Millbrook, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article on the "grand new game" was a fine one but you had better come up with some grand new comparisons. How can you possibly compare the price of a ticket to a major league baseball game with the price of a pro football ticket? Baseball has approximately 150 days of income while football has 14 (not including pre-season or post-season activity). It is obvious that football has to charge more. For every football game, baseball has 11.57 games.

JOHN STERNBERG

Omaha

Sir:

In addition to the promotions, the price and—more important—the availability of tickets, the quality of play has finally caught up with the major leagues' burst of expansion in the 1960s.

MICHAEL HALLIDAY

Belleville, Md.

Sir:

The lowly Chicago Cubs will easily draw more than a million people this year. That is remarkable, considering the Cubs play all day games, have no giveaways or gimmicks, have poor parking facilities and televisé all home games. What the Cubs have going for them is beautiful Wrigley Field and a loyal fandom.

RANDY JOHNSON

Aurora, Ill.

Sir:

I thought your cover was one of the most sensational you have ever had. Some minor leagues are even showing signs of prospering again. Here in Jackson, Miss., after an absence of 21 years, professional baseball has returned with the AA Texas League. The Jackson Mets, affiliated with the New York Mets, have averaged more than 1,500 fans per game despite the fact that half of their games were played in the hot Southern summer daylight because the lights for the new stadium were not ready when the season opened.

So many people—young, old, rich, poor—have discovered the fun of baseball. It is good cheap entertainment, and as long as people continue to have a good time at the old (new) ball park, minor league ball will do very well in cities like Jackson.

DOUG SHANKS

Commissioner

City of Jackson

Jackson, Miss.

continued

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**Walt Garrison,
football and rodeo star.**



10TH HOLE (continued)

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

Sir:

The article on lightning by Robert F. Jones (*4th Avenue Light Tower*, Aug. 4) was both interesting and instructive. But the author should have made known the fact that seemingly lifeless victims of lightning strikes (especially victims of the most common occurrence, indirect lightning "splash") should not be considered dead, even if no pulse can be detected. Heart action and respiration stop instantly when a person is struck, but they can be restarted by cardiopulmonary resuscitation. After a pulse is detected, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation should be continued for as long as it takes the victim to breathe on his own.

There is evidence that in a typical lightning "death," heart action restarts spontaneously, albeit weakly, but respiration does not restart unassisted, thus the victim dies needlessly from lack of oxygen. Perhaps if this information were more widely disseminated many lives could be saved.

G. FREDERICK REYNOLDS

Houghton, Mich.

• Medical experts suggest that closed-chest cardiac massage be started immediately rather than wait for the heart to recover on its own. ED.

Sir:

As a golfer who used to laugh at the threat of lightning, I thank you for Robert F. Jones' article. A word to the wise is sufficient. I have no desire to challenge Roy C. (Dooms) Sullivan's record.

BOB ROMANOFF

Cincinnati

SILKY

Sir:

There was a nice article on Silky Stockings, the filly that won the OTB Classic for 3-year-old pacers and set a world record at Monticello (Silky *Wins the Gold Standard*, Aug. 4). However, you gave the name of the sire (Most Happy Fella) but never mentioned the dam, Maryellen Hanover, bred at the Hanover Shoe Farms and sold as a yearling in 1964. She foaled Silky in 1972.

W. THOMAS DE VRIES, M.D.

Hanover, Pa.

Sir:

Silky won the race but the kids at the Au Clair School for autistic children are the real winners. My hat is off to Ken and Clare Mazik. They are worth all the gold in the world.

JEFF DORIS

Jersicho, N.Y.

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But the truth is if your eyes are tormented by badly made or unsuitable lenses, extra energy will be drained. You'll tire a little faster—not just your eyes but all of you—and you probably won't know why. Feeling kind of soggy, tense, grouchy? And those tiny wrinkles optimistically called 'character lines' appear.

All this simply because you were never told what sunglasses are and are not.

A new definition is needed. Sunglasses are not just a decorative

addition to your wardrobe. Not just to make the world a little darker. Nor are they just to hide behind. Glasses, for example, with light tinted lenses or light shades of photochromic lenses—that change from light to dark—aren't really sunglasses.

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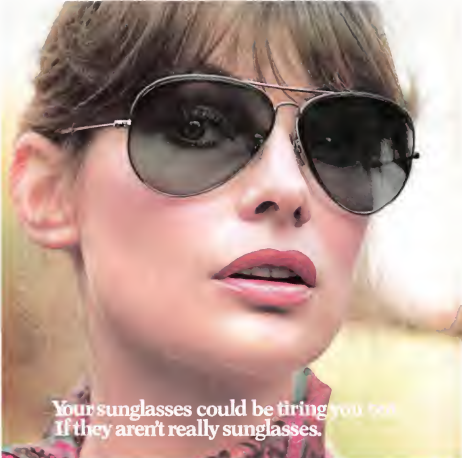
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